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Lunch L. Taylor  
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from Uncle James  
Mrs A. B. Hunter





THE  
**LUCY BOOKS.**  
BY THE  
*Author of the Rollo Books.*



*New York,*  
**CLARK AUSTIN & CO.**  
**205 BROADWAY.**



# STORIES

TOLD TO

ROLLO'S COUSIN LUCY,

WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

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A NEW EDITION,

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK:  
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## NOTICE.

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THE simple delineations of the ordinary incidents and feelings which characterize childhood, that are contained in the Rollo Books, having been found to interest, and, as the author hopes, in some degree to benefit the young readers for whom they were designed, — the plan is herein extended to children of the other sex. The two first volumes of the series are LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS and LUCY'S STORIES. Lucy was Rollo's cousin; and the author hopes that the history of her life and adventures may be entertaining and useful to the sisters of the boys who have honored the Rollo Books with their approval.



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# LUCY'S STORIES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### AN ADVENTURE.

WHEN Rollo's cousin Lucy was a very little girl, she slept in a trundle-bed. She awoke one morning, and heard a bird singing out in the yard. The window was open. The tops of the trees were brightened by the rays of the morning sun.

"It is morning," said Lucy to herself, "I truly believe."

Then Lucy tried to think whether she had been asleep or not; but she could not tell. She thought she had not. She remembered that, the day before, she had been to take a walk with Miss Anne, and that they had got caught out in the rain, and had gone under a bridge for shelter until the shower was over.

Just then she heard a little noise like the rus-

ting of the leaves of a book. It seemed to come from the window where Miss Anne used to sit. Lucy could not see, because the great bed was in the way. She thought it was Miss Anne reading.

"Miss Anne," said she.

"Ah, are you awake, Lucy?" said Miss Anne.

"Yes, and I want to get up."

Miss Anne told Lucy that she might get up, and she did.

When she was dressed, Miss Anne asked her how she felt after her adventure the day before.

"Adventure?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "our adventure under the bridge."

"O, pretty well," said Lucy. "Was that an adventure?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne; "when we are out walking, or are travelling, and anything remarkable happens to us, we call it an adventure. When I was a child, I had an adventure somewhat similar to that."

"What was it?" said Lucy.

"I don't know that I shall have time to tell you before the bell will ring. However, I will begin.

"I was quite a little girl ——"

"Not so big as I?" interrupted Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "just about as big as

you. My father was going to take a journey, and he said that I might go too. I don't remember much about the first day, though we had a very pleasant ride. The second day we got to the mountains. I liked riding among the mountains, for I could put my head out of the carriage window, and see the precipices towering away above my head."

"Did you travel in a carriage?" said Lucy.

"Yes," replied Miss Anne, "we were in a carriage. My father and mother sat upon the back seat, and I upon the front. There was a great trunk strapped on behind. I remember, too, that there was a pocket in the inside of the carriage, under the window, where I kept my picture-book. There was another, bigger book there, too.

"We rode along that day in a very wild, solitary place, where there were no houses. There was a foaming river on one side of the road, and rocks and mountains upon the other. At last we turned away from the river, and went along a road where there was nothing but woods, and rocks, and mountains all around. I remember that I rode almost all the way kneeling up on the cushion of the front seat, looking out.

"I asked my father if he expected to find any tavern on such a road as that, and he said he did

not ; I then asked him what we were going to do for dinner, and he said I should see.

“ By and by, when we were going up a long hill, and had got nearly to the top of it, my father told Jotham that he might begin to look out a place.”

“ Who was Jotham ? ” asked Lucy.

“ Why, Jotham was our man. He was driving us,” answered Miss Anne.

“ After about half an hour, Jotham stopped in the middle of the road, and asked my father if that place would do ; and we all looked out of the window to see.

“ We found that there was a brook running across the road, under a small bridge ; it came tumbling down among rocks and precipices on one side, and, after crossing the road, it went down through a kind of a ravine upon the other. A ravine, you must understand, is a kind of deep, dark, and narrow valley. The ravine, and the sides of the hills all around, were covered with forests. Father looked at the place a minute or two, and then he said that Jotham might drive on. until he came to the next stream.

“ I asked him why this place would not do ; and he said that the trees and bushes were too thick. So we went on down a long descent, un-

til, at last, after we had gone about half a mile, Jotham stopped again. My father looked out of the window a minute, and then told Jotham that we would get out. So Jotham opened the carriage door, and we all got out.

“We found that there was a brook here too, but it was running more smoothly. There was a sort of cart path, which turned off from the road, on the lower side, and led into the woods, along the bank of the brook. My father asked Jotham if he thought he could drive in there; and Jotham said he could. Then my father asked him if he thought he could find a place to turn, if he drove in; and Jotham said he could turn anywhere. So we all walked in, and Jotham came in afterwards, driving the carriage.

“Presently we came to a beautiful place. It was a small, smooth piece of ground, about as large as this room, with the cart path upon one side, and a turn of the brook sweeping around it upon the other. The brook was very beautiful. The water flowed along quietly among round stones, which were covered above the water with soft, green moss. The water was pretty deep in some places; but it was very clear, so that I could see the sand and pebbles upon the bottom; and in one place I saw three great fishes; one was as long as my finger.

"We all rambléd about a few minutes, while Jotham unharnessed the horses, and gave them some oats."

"O Miss Anne!" interrupted Lucy, "I don't believe that this is a true story that you are telling me; for he could not get any oats for his horses in such a place as that."

"Yes, he brought the oats with him in a bag, under his seat. He knew that we were going to dine *in camp* that day, though I didn't; and so he made preparation. Well, after he had taken care of the horses, he took a hatchet out from under his seat, and began to cut some short poles to make some seats with."

"I don't see how he could make seats of poles," said Lucy.

"I have forgotten exactly how he did it; but somehow or other he laid them along close together, and kept the ends up by some large stones; and then he put the cushions of the carriage over them, so as to make a very good seat. Then he went and got a great, heavy basket from the front of the carriage. It had our dinner in it.

"So we sat upon our seats and ate our dinner. We had bread and butter, and cheese and cakes, and a little apple-pie. There was a jug of milk,

too, for us to drink. We staid there as much as an hour ; and I had a fine time, after dinner, playing about on the banks of the brook. My mother rambled around, gathering flowers ; and as for my father, he went and got into the carriage, and took a nap."

Lucy thought that a carriage without any horses, was a singular place for a nap ; but she did not interrupt Miss Anne to say anything about it.

"After a time," continued Miss Anne, "my father came to the seats again, where my mother and I were arranging our flowers. He told us that Jotham was putting the horses to the carriage, and that it was time for us to get ready to go. So we got into the carriage presently, and Jotham drove us out into the main road, and then we trotted along on our way."

"And was that the adventure which you had?" asked Lucy.

"That was a kind of an adventure," said Miss Anne, "but not the one I meant. The adventure which I meant particularly, is yet to come. It happened that night, about sundown. You understand it was a beautiful summer's day ; and it was so far to the place where we had to stop, that we did not expect to get there until the even-



ing. But about half an hour before sundown, we began to hear some thunder.

"I kneeled up, upon the cushion, and looked out to see if I could see the cloud. There was a great valley spread out before me, and a range of mountains beyond it. Above the mountains the clouds began to be piled up higher and higher. They were white and rounded above, and dark below. Presently I saw a faint flash of lightning. My father asked Jotham how much farther we had got to go, and he said about five miles; and my father told him to drive as fast as he could.

"The cloud rose higher and higher, and began to look very black indeed. The mountains under it, and the great valley, looked dark and gloomy. Presently we went down a hill into a narrow place, with rocks and precipices on each side, where we could not see the clouds any more, but could only hear the thunder now and then. Pretty soon, father put the curtains down, and shut the windows, and then it was quite dark inside the coach, and the flashes of lightning grew brighter.

"Next it began to rain. Some great drops struck upon the window, and a great gust of wind blew furiously over the tops of the trees. The rain came faster and faster, and the water began



to pour down in torrents all around us. I kneeled up, and looked out at the front window to see what Jotham was doing. He had an umbrella over his head, and a great shaggy coat on; and just at that instant there came such a bright flash of lightning as to dazzle my eyes so that I could hardly see, and immediately afterwards, a most terrible burst of loud, rattling sound, just over our heads, which frightened me very much; for I thought that we were struck with lightning. But it did not hurt us; for the noise, after it had rattled all over the sky, rolled and rumbled off, away beyond the mountains. But before it was gone, we heard another great crash just before us; and instantly Jotham stopped the horses. My father called out to him to know what was the matter; and he said that a tree had fallen directly across the road.

“My father looked out at the front window, as well as he could, to see the tree; and I tried to look too, but it was so dark that I could not see it very well. Jotham moved his horses on till they came up to it; and my father asked him how large a tree it was. He said it was very large.

“‘What shall we do?’ said my father.

“‘It lies up too high for us to get the carriage over it,’ said Jotham.

“‘Could we, both of us, move it with hand-spikes,’ said my father, ‘so as to get by?’

“‘No, sir,’ said Jotham; ‘ten men could not move it. I could hack it off in time near the stump with my hatchet; but I think it probable that the quickest way would be for me to go on with one of the horses and get an axe.’

“‘How far is it?’ said my father.

“Jotham said that he thought it must be about two miles and a half. My father then asked him if it would not be possible in any way to go out of the road, and get the carriage through the trees, and so get by; but Jotham said it was very steep and rocky on both sides, and he thought it would not be possible to get round.

“So it was finally concluded that he should go for an axe. He accordingly drove the horses up very close to the tree, and fastened one of them to a large branch. Then he took the other out of his harness, and mounted him. He tried to make him jump over the tree; but he would not, it was so high.

“He then drove him out of the road into the bushes, though it was raining and thundering all the time. I looked out at the front windows, and pretty soon I saw him come out of the woods again, beyond the tree, and ride off as fast as he could go.

“It did not thunder and lighten so much after this, but it continued to rain; and it began to grow pretty dark. My father put his arm out at the front window, and reached one of the lanterns of the carriage, and took it in. He had some matches in a little box, and so he lighted the lantern, and that made it look more bright and cheerful in the carriage; but it began to grow very dark and dismal without. There was nothing, however, that we could do, but to wait patiently until Jotham came back.

“I tried to look at my picture-book a little while; but I found that I did not care much about it, and so I put it back, and my mother gave me a piece of cake to eat. When I had eaten the cake, she advised me to lie down upon the front seat, and see how many I could count between the flashes of lightning and the thunder that came after the flashes. And I did. I lay down and counted a long time.”

“How many could you count?” said Lucy.

“O, I don’t remember exactly,” said Miss Anne; “sometimes more and sometimes less,—according to the distance.”

“The distance,” said Lucy,—“what distance?”

“Why, the distance of the thunder from us.

The lightning and the thunder are always, in fact, at the same moment of time ; and when they are near, they seem so. But when they are at any distance, although the flash and the sound take place together, yet we see the flash at once, while it takes the sound some time to come to us ; and that gives us time to count. And the farther off the thunder is, the longer time we have to count."

" I mean to count," said Lucy, " the next time I hear any thunder."

" I lay still a long time," continued Miss Anne, " counting ; at length there seemed to be something strange happening ; and the first thing I knew, my father was taking me out of the carriage in his arms. I opened my eyes, and saw that there was a bright moon shining upon a house. There were lights in the windows of the house. There was a strange man, whom I had never seen before. I could not think where I was, and what my father was going to do with me. He carried me into the house, and through a long entry, and into a little back sitting-room, where there was a fire. My mother was there, taking off her bonnet. My father laid me down upon a settee which had a cushion upon it, and then went out again.

" I asked my mother what house that was, and

she said that it was the tavern. I asked her how we got over that great tree; and she said that Jotham came back with the axe and cut it off. I told her that I did not hear him, and she said that I had been asleep. 'O no,' I said, 'I have not been asleep, I am sure.' My mother said that then she did not know why I did not hear Jotham; for he came back with an axe, and chopped a long time upon the tree, until he got it off, and that then my father had got out of the carriage, and helped him heave away the log, with handspikes, and so they had got by.

"So I suppose I must have been asleep; but it did not seem to me that I had."

"Is that all the story?" said Lucy, when she found that Miss Anne paused.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "that is all."



## CHAPTER II.

## JOANNA'S ROOM.

THERE was a little room near the kitchen, in the house where Lucy lived, which was called Joanna's room. It was a very pleasant room, and it had been built on purpose for Joanna. There was only a small entry between this room and the kitchen, and so it was very convenient for her.

Joanna used to go and sit in this room sometimes, in the afternoon, after she had done her work; and here Lucy was very fond of going to see her. Lucy liked to be in Joanna's room, for it was a pleasant place, and she could look out of the window into the yard and garden. Under the window was a little border which Joanna planted, and which was called Joanna's garden.

One afternoon, Lucy came to this room, and knocked. The door was open, for it was a pleasant summer afternoon, and she could see Joanna sitting at a table, writing. Still she knocked. Her mother had told her that it was always proper to knock when she wished to enter

any private room. And Joanna's room was a private room ; it belonged to Joanna alone.

At first, Joanna did not notice Lucy, as she was very busy, writing. Presently, however, she looked up and said, "Come in."

Lucy walked in. She had a little hammer in one hand, and in the other she held the corners of her apron, which she had drawn together so as to keep what was in it from falling.

"Joanna," said Lucy, "may I come in here?"

"Yes," said Joanna, "provided you will not interrupt me."

"Provided?" said Lucy; "what does *provided* mean?"

"Provided? — why, *If* — *If* you won't interrupt me."

"Then why don't you say *If*?" said Lucy; "it is a great deal easier word."

"I can't tell you now, child," said Joanna. "I am busy. I want to write."

"I wish you would just tell me why you don't say *If*," said Lucy, in a low and timid voice.

Joanna did not answer; and so Lucy dropped the corners of her apron, and let all the things that were in it fall down upon the floor. They made a loud, rattling noise. Lucy then sat down by the side of them



"You see, Joanna," said Lucy, "I am going to make a table."

"Very well ; make what you like, — only don't disturb me," replied Joanna.

Lucy then began to look over the things which she had thrown down upon the floor. There were several little blocks of wood, some long, and some square and thin. There was also a small, round, wooden box, with a cover. Lucy took off the cover. The box was full of nails ; some were small carpet nails ; and others were long, but pointed at the end, so that they would drive easily.

Lucy also had a little awl, with a straight but sharp point. Royal made it for her. With this she could make small holes in the wood, wherever she wanted to drive a nail.

"Joanna," said Lucy, "I wish you would just tell me how many legs I must have to my table."

"Four," said Joanna, — "only you must not keep talking to me. I can't possibly write."

"Why, Joanna, Miss Anne can write, even if I do talk to her."

"Very likely," said Joanna ; "but Miss Anne and I are different. She can do a great many things that I cannot. At any rate, I can't write while you keep talking to me ; so, if you want to



stay here, you must amuse yourself, and not speak to me at all."

"Why, suppose it is some very particular word," said Lucy.

"Why, if it is something very special and important," said Joanna, "I suppose you must speak ; but not otherwise."

After this, Lucy was very still for five minutes. She took a thin, flat block for the top of her table, and counted out four nails for the legs. She then made holes, with her awl, in the corners of the block, and drove the nails in. She, however, got one in the wrong place, and when she tried to draw it out with the little claw which was in the end of the handle of the hammer, she found that she could not. It was driven in too far.

At length she laid down the hammer and the block, and said, with a sigh,

"O dear me !"

After waiting a few minutes, not knowing what to do, she took up her table and hammer, and went towards Joanna, slowly and timidly, because she was unwilling to interrupt her writing again ; but she did not know what she should do, unless Joanna would draw out the nail for her.

When Lucy came up to Joanna's table, Joan-

na laid down her pen, and sighed, just as Lucy had done, and said, in exactly the same tone,

“ O dear me ! ”

“ What is the matter, Joanna ? ” said Lucy.

“ Why, I can't write. I want to finish my letter, so as to go out and take a walk ; and I can't get along, because here is a little girl, who keeps interrupting me all the time.”

“ Well, Joanna,” said Lucy, “ I only want to have you get this nail out for me. You said I might speak to you, if it was *especial*.”

Joanna took the hammer and the little table out of Lucy's hand, saying, at the same time,

“ I wish, Lucy, you would go out into the kitchen, until I have finished my letter.”

“ Why, Joanna,” said Lucy, “ there is not any body out in the kitchen to take care of me.”

“ Well, then,” said Joanna, “ I will make a bargain with you. As soon as I have finished my letter, I am going out to take a walk, to get some broom-stuff. Now, if you will be perfectly still, and not speak to me once, I will ask your mother to let you go with me.”

“ Well,” said Lucy, very much pleased.

“ And I will get you four flowers,” said Joanna. “ But if you speak to me *once* while I am

writing, I shall only get you three flowers ; and so every time you speak you must lose one flower. And if you speak more than four times, then I shall not ask your mother to let you go."

" Well," said Lucy, " I shall not speak once ; you may depend."

" We shall see," said Joanna. " I will draw out this nail, and then you may go and sit down ; and when we are ready, I shall say, One, two, three, and begin."

So Joanna drew out the nail, then put the little table, and the hammer, and the nail, back into Lucy's hands ; and Lucy went back and took her seat upon the floor. When she was fairly seated at her work, Joanna said, in a very deliberate voice,

" One — two — three — and begin."

" O Joanna," said Lucy, " there is just one thing before we begin that I want to know ; and that is, what broom-stuff is."

" There goes one of your flowers," said Joanna.

" Why, Joanna, I was not ready to begin then," said Lucy, in a complaining tone.

" There goes another."

Lucy was a little vexed to find that Joanna would not answer her in any way, except telling her that she was losing her flowers, and so she

was silent. Presently she began to reflect that the agreement had been fairly made, and that, after Joanna had given the signal for beginning, she ought not to have spoken. Still she wanted, very much, to know what broom-stuff was. After thinking of it a moment, she concluded to wait, and ask Joanna when they were taking the walk; and then she resolutely determined that she would not speak a single word again, on any account whatever.

And she did not speak for some time. But when, at length, she got her table finished, she was so much pleased to see how well it would stand, that she wanted very much to ask Joanna to look at it. She would not do it, however, as she knew she should lose another of her flowers. So she sat still, waiting, and wishing that Joanna would come to the end of her letter.

At length she got up softly, and took her table in her hand, thinking that she would go and carry it to Joanna, and just hold it up before her, and let her see it, without, however, speaking a word.

This was wrong; for Lucy ought to have known that holding up the table before Joanna, so as to call her attention to it, would be taking her attention off from her writing, and so would interrupt her as effectually as if she were to speak

to her in a loud voice. It is not so much the sound that is made by the voice, which interrupts a person who is busy, as the influence of what is said, upon the mind, in attracting the attention; so that a loud noise of a carriage going by, or of winds and storms beating against the windows, would not interrupt a person as much as a question asked in the lowest whisper, or even an object, like Lucy's table, held up for a person to see.

When Lucy came up to Joanna with her table, Joanna went on with her writing, and took no notice of it. Lucy then held it a little nearer. Joanna knew that she was there, but she went on writing, without looking up or saying a word. Lucy waited a minute or two longer, and then she could no longer resist the temptation to say, as she did in a very low and gentle voice,

“Look, Joanna!”

Joanna raised her eyes from her work, and looked not at the table, but at Lucy herself, and said,

“There goes another of your flowers: now there is but one left.”

Lucy turned away in silence, and went back to her place. She was very sorry that she had lost so many of her flowers; and she secretly thought that Joanna was very strict; but she

knew that if she made any remonstrance or complaint, she should lose the last flower too.

After sitting upon the floor a few minutes longer, she concluded that she would go and put her blocks and other things away, and get ready to go and take the walk,—so as not to lose any time when Joanna's letter should be finished. 'This was a very wise plan; for, by going out of the room, she made sure of not interrupting Joanna again.

So Lucy went and put her blocks and hammer away in her treasury, and then went to find her mother, in order to ask her if she might go and take a walk with Joanna. She could not find her mother; but she found Miss Anne, who told her that her mother had gone out to walk, and would not come back until tea-time.

Then Lucy told Miss Anne of Joanna's proposal to take her out to walk with her, and she asked Miss Anne if she might go.

"I rather think," said Miss Anne, "that Joanna would prefer to go alone. You asked her first to let you go with her, didn't you?"

"No," said Lucy, "she proposed it herself. She said that if I would not speak to her, a word, till she had finished her letter, she would let me go."

“And did not you speak to her?” said Miss Anne.

“Yes; but she said,” added Lucy, “that if I did not speak but four times, I might go, but then I must not have any flowers.”

Miss Anne did not understand this explanation very well; but then she did not care much whether she understood it or not. She was busy, reading; and all that she wanted, was to be sure that Joanna was really willing to have Lucy go with her. For as Joanna was going out to walk, to refresh and enjoy herself, after her work, she thought that it would not be right for Lucy to go as her companion, unless Joanna was really willing.

So Miss Anne said, in reply to Lucy's request,

“You may go back and wait until Joanna is ready. I cannot let you go, merely because *you* ask it; but if she asks it herself, or sends you to ask it, then I will consider whether I will take the responsibility of letting you go.”

“What do you mean by *responsibility*?” said Lucy.

“Why, when your mother went out,” said Miss Anne, “she did not give me any authority to let you go and take a walk. Now, if I should let you go, in such a case, because I suppose she



would consent if she were here, it would be taking responsibility. I should be responsible to her if she should ask me about it. I ought to have good reasons to give her, why I let you go."

"I don't understand it very well," said Lucy.

"No," said Miss Anne, laughing, "and I don't blame you very much, for I don't think that I explain it very well. But never mind now. I hear Joanna, I believe, in the kitchen; and I expect that she has finished her letter, and is getting ready to go."

Lucy ran off with all speed, to see if Joanna was really ready to go. She found that she had finished her letter, and was putting on her bonnet. Lucy told Joanna what Miss Anne had said, and Joanna sent her back to say that she should really like to have her go with her. Accordingly Miss Anne took the responsibility of giving her permission.

When Lucy got back, she found Joanna sharpening a knife upon a stone, which was placed upon a shelf in the back kitchen, for that purpose.

"What is that knife for?" said Lucy.

"It is to get my broom-stuff with," said Joanna.

"O yes," said Lucy; "and now you must tell me what broom-stuff is."



"Why, broom-stuff, child," said Joanna, "is the stuff that they make brooms of."

Joanna went on sharpening her knife, and Lucy was silent. Presently, when Joanna had made the knife as sharp as she wished, she looked round, and saw that Lucy was leaning forward, and looking very intently at a broom which was hanging near her, against the wall.

"O, not such broom-stuff as that," said Joanna. "I am going to make a hemlock broom."

"A hemlock broom?" inquired Lucy. "Is a hemlock broom better than such a broom as this?"

"O, I don't know," said Joanna. "A hemlock broom is such a one as the farmers make, who live in the woods. I have not seen one for a long time, but I used to make them when I was a little girl, and I want to make one now, if it is only to make me think of old times. So I am sharpening my knife to cut the hemlock branches."

"I should think that Royal's hatchet would be better," said Lucy.

"If he would go with us to cut down the branches," answered Joanna.

"Well," said Lucy, "I will go and see if I can find him."

But Lucy could not find him; and so she and Joanna had to go alone. Joanna carried her knife in one hand, and led Lucy with the other.

They walked along through the garden, and thence out through a back gate, which led into the lane. This led down into the glen, behind the house. They crossed the brook where Royal had made the pen to confine his turtle, as described in LUCY'S CONVERSATIONS.

After passing this brook, they followed a winding path which led along among rocks and trees, until they came to a dense thicket, where Joanna said she had observed that there was plenty of hemlock trees. Lucy could not tell the hemlock trees from a great many others which looked somewhat like them.

Joanna cut off a great many small branches, and threw them down upon the grass as fast as she cut them. Lucy gathered them up as fast as they were cut, and put them by themselves, taking care to put the stems all one way. Joanna told her that she would cut some small branches for her, so that she could make a little broom for herself, when she went home,—if she could only get Royal to make her a handle.

They staid in this place nearly half an hour, and then they went home.

As they were going home, Lucy called upon Joanna to get her her flower; but Joanna said that she was tired of rambling about, and she asked Lucy if she should not be willing to take a story, instead of a flower. Lucy said that she should; and, accordingly, Joanna told her the story of the Fog upon the Mountains, as they walked slowly homewards. This story, though not in precisely the language in which Joanna related it, is given in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER III.

## STORY OF THE FOG ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE was once a girl named Mary, who lived with her father and mother, in a farm-house at the foot of the mountains. When she was about eight years old, her mother taught her to milk, and she was very much pleased with this attainment.

Her father made her a little milking stool with three legs and a handle, which she used to keep upon the barn yard fence, by the side of her mother's larger milking stool ; and every morning and evening she went out, and while her mother was milking the two other cows, she would milk the one which she called hers. Her cow's name was May-day.

One night May-day did not come home with the other cows ; but Mary's mother said that she thought she would be in the lane at the bars the next morning. But on the next morning no May-day was to be seen ; and Mary asked her mother to let her set off after breakfast, and go up

the mountain and find her. For the pasture, where the cows fed, extended some distance up the sides of one of the mountains. Her mother consented, and Mary put some bread and cheese in a little basket for luncheon, and bade her mother good morning, and went away. She crept through the bars which led to the lane, and then followed the path, until she disappeared from view among the trees and bushes.

After a short time, she came to a brook. The path led across the brook; there was a log across it for Mary to walk on. She stopped upon the middle of the log to look down into the water. The bed of the brook was filled with stones, which were all covered with green moss, and the water, in flowing along, seemed to be meandering among tufts of moss. It was very beautiful.

Mary determined to come some day and get some moss from these stones, and make a moss seat near the house, to sit upon; and then she reflected that she ought not to stop any longer looking at the brook, but that she must go on in search of her cow. So she walked along to the end of the log, and then stepped off, and followed the path which led through the woods, gently ascending.

In about half an hour, Mary came out into an

*opening* ; that is, to a place where the trees had been cleared away, and grass had grown up all over the ground. There were several clumps of trees growing here and there, and a good many raspberry bushes, with ripe raspberries, upon them. Mary thought that, after she had found the cow, she would gather some of the raspberries, and eat them with her luncheon. So she went on to the top of a little hill, or swell of land, which was in the middle of the opening, and looked around.

The cow was no where to be seen. The opening was bounded by woods, in every direction. On one side, these woods extended far back among glens and valleys, and up the sides of the mountains. On the other, Mary could see over the tops of the forest trees, away to her father's house, which was far below her, down the valley. She could distinguish the house and the barn, and the long shed between them ; and presently she noticed something moving in the barn yard, and by close attention she made it out to be her father with the cart and oxen going off to the field.

There was, however, a kind of mist slowly creeping up the valley, which soon began to hide this group of buildings from Mary's view. It was one of those mornings in autumn when a fog

hangs over the rivers and brooks, and creeps along the valleys, and at length, as the morning advances, it rises and spreads until the whole country is covered; and then it breaks away, and floats off in clouds, and is gradually dissipated by the sun. The fog was rising in this way now, and Mary watched it for a few minutes, as it moved slowly on. First the barn yard fence disappeared; then the shed; then the house, all but the chimneys; then the barn; and finally nothing but a great white cloud could be seen covering the whole. As Mary looked around her, she saw similar fog banks lying in long, waving lines over the courses of the streams, or spreading slowly through the valleys.

She took one more look in every direction, all around the opening, for the cow; and then she concluded that she would eat her luncheon, before she went any farther. There were two reasons for this; she began to feel hungry,—and then she was tired of carrying her basket. So she lightened her basket by eating up the bread and cheese, and then rambled around among the raspberry bushes for some minutes, eating raspberries.

When, at length, Mary came out from among the bushes, she was astonished to find that the whole country all around the little hill, that she



was standing upon, was covered with fog. It looked like a sea, or rather like a great lake surrounded by mountains in the distance, and spotted with islands, which were, in fact, the summits of the nearer hills, which rose above the surface of the vapor.

Although Mary could still thus see a great deal of land, yet it looked so strange to her, that she could not recognize any of it. The hills were her old familiar friends, but she did not know them under the disguise of islands and promontories in a lake. She did not know what to do.

She concluded, however, pretty soon, that she would ramble about a little while, looking for the cow, but not far away from the hill, and then, when the fog should clear off, she could see which way to go. So she came down the hill, and began to walk about the opening, and in the edge of the woods; but no cow was to be seen.

At one time, when she had got into the woods a little farther than usual, following a little path which led along a green bank under some tall maples, she observed a gray squirrel, running, or rather gliding, along a log, with his plume of a tail curved gracefully over his back. From the end of the log he passed through the air, with a very graceful leap, to the extremity of a low limb



hanging down from a great hemlock tree. The limb bent down with his weight almost to the ground. He ran up the limb to the body of the tree, and then up the tree half way to the top, where he ran out to the extremity of a long branch; and then leaped across, at a great height, into the top of a maple which grew at a little distance. Mary was delighted with the beautiful form and graceful motions of the squirrel, and she followed him along, until at last he ran into a hole in the side of a monstrous tree. It was rather the trunk of a tree, — for it was so old that the top had long since fallen away, and left the trunk alone standing, — old, shaggy, and hollow. His nest was there.

Mary waited a few minutes to see if he would come out; but he did not. Just at this time she began to observe that it was somewhat misty around her, in the woods. She then thought that the fog must have been rising and spreading until it had reached the place where she was; and she began to be afraid that she should not be able to see across the opening, so as to find her way back to the hill, in the middle of it. She immediately attempted to go back to the opening, but she could not find her way. She soon became bewildered and lost; and the more she

wandered about, the more she seemed to get entangled in the woods.

Mary did not know what to do. She sat down upon a large stone, and began to feel very anxious and unhappy. She thought that, if the sun would only shine, she could tell which way to go; for she had often observed, when she was coming up into the pasture in the morning, that she was coming away from the sun; and when she went back, it shone in her face. So she knew that if she could see the sun, and go *towards* it, she would soon come down near to her father's house.

She sat here for some time, but the fog seemed to grow thicker and thicker. As she was musing upon her lonely and somewhat dangerous situation, she heard a rustling in a thicket pretty near her. At first she thought it was a bear; and she was alarmed. Then she reflected that her father had told her there were no bears in his pasture, and she concluded that she would go cautiously and see what it was.

So she crept along softly, and presently began to get glimpses through the thicket. The bushes moved more and more. There was something red there; it was a cow. A moment afterwards, she came into full view of it; and behold it was *May-day*!

Mary was rejoiced, but she could not think what May-day was doing there; she seemed to be hooking the bushes. Mary took up a stick, and attempted to drive her out; but May-day did not move from her place,—she only stepped about a little, and hooked the bushes more than ever. This was very mysterious; and Mary came up nearer, and looked very earnestly to discover what it could mean. At length the mystery was unravelled. The cow was caught by the horns in the thicket, and could not get away. Somehow or other, in rubbing her head upon the trunk of a tree, she had got her horns locked in a sort of tangle of branches which grew there, and she could not get them out again.

At first, Mary did not see that she could do any thing herself to help the poor cow out of her difficulty, except to find her own way out of the woods as soon as possible, and get her father to come and release her. On more mature reflection, however, it seemed to her that it would be an excellent thing if she could get the cow free; for probably the cow would know the way home, and so she could herself find the way by just following her. She accordingly went nearer, in order to examine the branches, by which the

horns had been entangled, more closely, so as to see if she could not do something to help the cow to extricate herself.

She found that the horns had got caught in such a way, that if the cow would move her head sideways, she could get it out,—though she could not get it out by moving it backwards or forwards, nor by working it up and down. So she determined to try to make the cow move sideways. First, however, she took hold of the end of one long branch, which helped to confine the horns, and pulled it away as far as she could; and then she contrived to get this end around behind another tree, so as to prevent its springing back. This made it easier for the cow to get out. Then she got a stick, and came around to the side of the cow, and tried to drive her. The cow pulled, and pushed, and staggered around this way and that,—every way, in fact, but the right way. Mary perceived, however, that her horns were gradually working along between the limbs, towards the place where they could get free. So she persevered. At length one horn slipped out, and the other followed immediately after; and the cow, partly through her joy at being released from her confinement, and partly from fear of the great







stick which Mary had been brandishing against her, wheeled around, and galloped out of the thicket, tossing her horns and whisking her tail.

Mary walked along after her, in hopes that she would at once take the road which would lead home. The cow walked steadily on, and Mary soon perceived that there was something like a path where she was going. It led sometimes over grass ground, and sometimes through trees and bushes ; but it all looked strange to Mary, and the fog was so thick that she could see but a very short distance on each side of her. Once the path which the cow was taking led through a low, wet place in the woods, which looked very muddy. But Mary did not dare to stop ; for she did not know what she should do to find her way out, if she should lose sight of the cow. So she pulled off her stockings and shoes as quick as possible, in order to keep them clean and dry, and then followed on, running along upon the mossy logs, and leaping from stump to stone. She got safely over ; but she had not time to put on her stockings and shoes again, for fear of losing the track of the cow, and so she went on barefoot.

She proceeded in this way for some time, — until, at length, suddenly the cow came out into a

wider and better path ; and in a minute or two after, she came up to a pair of bars, and stopped. Mary could not think where she was. She looked around. She could perceive the dim form of some great square building at a little distance, just distinguishable through the fog. She climbed up upon the fence, to look at it more distinctly. It was her father's barn ; and the house was close by. In a word, the cow had conducted her safely home. Mary could excel her altogether in contriving a way to get her horns disentangled from the branches of a tree ; but *she* could beat Mary in finding her way out of the woods in a fog. In fact, Mary found that, though she was a very poor *contriver*, she was a very good *guide*.





## CHAPTER IV.

MARY JAY.

LUCY went to a kind of a school, when she was about five years old. It was a family school; that is, a school for the children of one family, though several other children went to it. There was no large school near where Lucy lived, because there were not children enough. And so one of the families that lived near there employed a teacher to come and teach a few children. The school-room was a little back room, up stairs, over the gardener's room.

Lucy had no school to go to; and, as she had the character of being a very still, gentle, and obedient girl, the lady and gentleman who had established the family school, said that she might come and be taught with their children. Lucy was glad, for she wanted to go to school.

One of the scholars came to call for her the first day, to show her the way. It was a pleasant summer morning, and the birds were singing in the trees.

The girl that came for Lucy appeared to be a year or two older than Lucy. She came in, and sat still in the parlor while she was waiting for Lucy to get ready. Lucy's mother spoke to her several times, but she did not answer much. She seemed to be afraid.

Presently, when Lucy was ready, they went out of the door together. Lucy had her bag in her hand, with an apple and a book in it. The other girl had a bag too. She opened the gate to let Lucy go out, and then shut it after her. Lucy's mother stood at the door, and bade them good morning.

The two children took hold of each other's hands, and walked along for some minutes, without speaking a word. At length Lucy's companion said to her, timidly,

"Isn't your name Lucy?"

"Yes," said Lucy.

They walked along a little farther without speaking, when Lucy said, with a hesitating voice,

"I don't know what your name is."

"My name is Marielle," said the other girl.

"Why, what a funny name!" said Lucy.

"I never heard of any body named Marielle."

"I know it," said Marielle; "and my name

was Mary at first, but now they always call me Marielle."

"What for?" said Lucy.

"Why, you see," said Marielle, "that my mother's name is Mary, too; and so my father and my uncle William always called her Mary, and they called me *little* Mary, to distinguish. And I did not like to be called *little* Mary, and I told my father so."

"And then did he change your name to Marielle?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Marielle. "He told mother that *ella* or *elle*, was a kind of an ending that meant *little*; and so they called me Mariella, and now generally they call me Marielle."

"I think your name is a very pretty name," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Marielle. "I like it a great deal better than little Mary; but I don't like it *perfectly* well, for it *means* little, after all."

The children walked along by a foot path at the side of the road for some minutes after this, until at length they came to a stone wall, pretty tight and smooth upon the outside, and higher than the children's heads. Branches of trees and shrubbery hung over the wall from the top.

Marielle said that their garden was over the other side of that wall.

“Your garden?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Marielle; “and that is where we go to play in the recesses of our school.”

After they had gone a little farther, Lucy found that they were coming near a house, which had a handsome yard in front, filled with trees and shrubbery. Just before they reached this yard, there was a sort of a door, in the stone wall, very near the end of it, which Marielle suddenly opened. She stepped in herself, and then held the door open for Lucy to follow. Lucy went in, cautiously and timidly, and found herself in a long passage-way, with a smooth gravel walk beneath her feet, and a pretty green grass border on each side. Beyond the border, on one side, was the paling, or open fence, which separated the passage from the front yard of the house. On the other side was a kind of framework called a *trellis*, which was covered with grape-vines. Beyond the trellis was the garden.

Marielle shut the door, and latched it, after Lucy, and then said,

“We call this the door gate, and we must never leave it open, Lucy.”

'Then she walked along through the passageway, and Lucy followed her. At the end of it, they came into a pleasant little yard, near the end of the house ; and they passed across this yard, and thence through another gate, which was low, and made of open work. They passed through this gate, and then turned round a corner, and went along a walk with rose-bushes and snowballs upon one side, and flower-beds upon the other, until they came to a door. This door was open, and several children were sitting upon the steps, arranging flowers.

Lucy staid here a few minutes, and then they heard a little bell ring, and all the children began to run up stairs. Marielle waited to go up with Lucy, and show her the way. When they reached the top of the stairs, they turned, and went into the school-room.

Lucy thought it was a very pleasant school-room ; but she did not have time to look about much, for Marielle led her directly to the teacher's table. The teacher said that she was glad to see her, and asked her to look around the room, and see where she should like to sit. Lucy looked about a little, but could not decide very well ; and so she said that she should like to sit with Marielle.

“Very well,” said the teacher; “is there room at your table, Marielle?”

Marielle said there was room; and so she led Lucy along to the corner where her seat was. There was a little table there, and a chair near it. There was also a small book-shelf upon the wall, near, where Marielle kept her books, and a nail by the side of it, where she hung her bag.

Marielle brought a small chair for Lucy, and put it by the side of her table, and she hung her bag upon her nail. She told her, however, that in the recess she would go and get another nail, and drive it up upon Lucy's side of the book-shelf, so that Lucy could have a nail to herself.

Then Lucy sat down in her seat, and began to look about the room.

There were several little tables and desks in various places. Some were near the windows, and others back near the teacher's seat, which was before the fireplace. Upon the teacher's table there was lying a large plume, made of three or four peacock's feathers. Marielle told Lucy that when that plume was lying down, they might all talk, but, then, when the teacher put it up in its place, at the end of the table, then it was study hours, and they must not talk at all. There was no fire in the fireplace, because it was

summer ; but instead of it there was a large bouquet of flowers and shrubbery, which the children had gathered in the garden, and placed there, with the ends of the stems in a jar of water, which stood upon the hearth.

The school had not yet begun, but the children were all busy, getting their places and taking out their books. They were talking to each other very busily, but in low and gentle tones of voice. There were some boys and some girls ; but they were all small children, except one. There was one pretty large girl sitting in a corner at a desk by herself. One of the small children was standing by her side talking with her. She had a round, full face, though she looked rather pale ; and the expression of her face, and of her beaming blue eyes, was an expression of contentment and happiness.

Lucy asked Marielle who that great girl was, sitting in the corner ; and she answered,

“ Why, don’t you know Mary Jay ? That is Mary Jay. You see she is —— ”

Just at this moment the little bell was rung at the teacher’s table ; and the teacher put the plume up, which was the signal for all the children to stop talking, and attend to what the teacher had to say. And so Marielle stopped, and sat back in



ner chair ; and Lucy therefore lost the opportunity of hearing what she was going to tell her about Mary Jay. Lucy determined to ask her in the recess ; but she forgot it.

For in the recess the girls had such a joyous time running about the alleys and walks in the garden, that Lucy had no time to think of any thing else. There were several broad walks crossing each other at right angles, and shaded in part by fruit-trees, which overhung them. In one part of the garden there was a large square, covered with trees and shrubbery, and grass beneath. Here the children played hide-and-go-seek, until they were tired ; and then they went into a kind of a summer-house at the farther end of it, which Lucy did not see for some time, it was so hidden by foliage.

Here the children sat down together and talked a little while, and one of them asked why Mary Jay did not come. Another of the children, who had a little book in her hand, said that Mary Jay was not coming out that day, because she had a hard sum to do. The children all seemed to be sorry. Marielle said that she thought she might just as well have left her sum till after recess.

“ See what a picture she painted for me ! ” said the little girl with a book.



So saying, she opened the book, and took out a little picture, which she had placed very carefully between the leaves. It was a very beautiful picture. There was a yard with a garden fence, and some trees hanging over it, and a dove-house in the end of a shed. There was a boy there, too, with some grains in a little basket, trying to call down the doves, to feed them. One was flying down, and the other was still standing upon the shelf in front of the dove-house, looking as if he was just ready to fly down too.

The heads of the children were immediately crowded together around the picture, and they all exclaimed that it was very beautiful.

"Is there a story to it, Jane?" said Marielle.

"Yes," said the little girl who had the picture, and whose name, it seems, was Jane. "Mary Jay said there was a story to it, but she could not tell it to me then, for there was not time. Only *that* dove's name," she added, pointing to the one just going to fly down, "is Bob-o'-link."

"Bob-o'-link!" exclaimed several voices at once, "what a name for a dove!"

"Yes," said Jane, "because he is black and white, and so the boy called him Bob-o'-link; for a Bob-o'-link is black and white."

"I never saw a Bob-o'-link," said Lucy.

"And the other dove's name is Cooroo," continued Jane.

"My brother Royal has got some doves," said Lucy.

"Has he?" said Jane; "how many?"

"I don't know how many," said Lucy. "But one of them is white, and his name is Flake."

"Are your brother's doves pretty tame?" said Marielle.

"Flake is pretty tame," said Lucy. "Royal can catch him whenever he wants him."

"Did not Mary Jay tell you anything more about the picture?" said Marielle to Jane.

"No," said Jane, "but she promised that she would tell us all the story some day, out in the summer-house. Hark! there is the bell."

The girls listened, and heard the bell ringing; and so they all began to go towards the house. As they were going up stairs to the school-room, Lucy asked Marielle why they always called Mary Jay by her whole name.

"Why don't you call her only *Mary*, sometimes?" she asked.

"Why, Mary Jay is *not* her whole name," said Marielle. "That is only her first name. We *always* call her Mary Jay."

"What is her whole name, then?" said Lucy

But Marielle could not answer this question ; for at that moment they went into the school-room, and they saw that the plume was up, and consequently to speak would be against the law.

Lucy heard no more of Mary Jay until she went home from school ; and then, when she was giving an account of her adventures at school to Miss Anne and Royal, and was describing Mary Jay, she ended by saying,

“ And, Royal, you don’t know what beautiful pictures she can paint.”

“ I wish I could see some of them,” said Royal.

“ I don’t understand,” said Miss Anne, “ how so old a scholar happens to go to your school. She can’t belong to the family. I don’t believe that she is really a scholar there.”

“ Yes she is,” said Lucy ; “ she does sums.”

“ How do you know ? ” said Royal.

“ Because,” said Lucy, “ that was the reason why she could not come out in the recess.”

“ How old should you think she was, Lucy ? ” said Miss Anne.

“ Why, about twenty — or forty, at least,” said Lucy.

Royal burst into a loud and boisterous fit of

laughter at this estimate ; while Lucy herself looked ashamed and perplexed, and said,

“ You need not laugh, Royal ; for, at any rate, she is older than you.”

Royal only laughed the more at this ; — even Miss Anne smiled, and Lucy, perceiving it, began to look seriously troubled. Miss Anne attempted to turn her thoughts away from the subject, by asking her how she liked her school.

Lucy said she liked it very much indeed.

“ I wish *I* could go to your school,” said Royal.

“ O no,” said Miss Anne, “ you are too large.”

“ I am not so large as Mary Jay,” said Royal, “ according to Lucy’s story.”

“ I don’t understand about Mary Jay’s case,” said Miss Anne, “ I confess. There seems to be some mystery about it. But I certainly should not think that they would be willing to have a boy as old as you in their school, — unless he was a very remarkable boy indeed.”

“ Why not ? ” said Royal.

“ Because,” said Miss Anne, “ it is a private school, opening into a very valuable garden ; and, of course, all the fruits and flowers are exposed.”

"No, not *all*," said Lucy; "there is only a part of the garden that we can go in."

"How do you know?" said Royal.

"Why, I was walking along with Marielle, and I wanted to run down a winding walk by the great pear-tree, and Marielle said we must not go there."

"What great pear-tree?" said Royal.

"O, a great pear-tree there was there."

"Couldn't you go there at all?" said Royal.

"Not unless the teacher went with us," said Lucy, "or else Mary Jay. At least, that is what Marielle said."

The children talked no more about the school at this time, but Miss Anne said that she meant to ask Lucy's mother about Mary Jay; for she wanted very much to know how there came to be so large a scholar in such a little school.

All this account of Mary Jay is given here, because Lucy afterwards learned more about her, and heard her tell a number of stories, some of which are given, farther on in this book. But Lucy did not learn anything more about her that day, nor hear any of her stories. But she heard one story that afternoon from her father. He told it to her, while he was sitting in a chair

in the yard behind the house, looking towards Royal's hen coop. It was the story of the Old Polander. This story is given in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER V.

## STORY OF THE OLD POLANDER.

ONCE there was a cockerel called the old Poland. He was black. He had a little tuft of feathers upon his head. He ate corn. He walked about among his hens with an air of great importance and dignity, and when he was pleased, he would flap his wings and crow aloud. The hens had caps of feathers upon their heads, too.

The old Poland belonged to a gentleman and his little girl. The gentleman was going to give him away to his nephews, - the little girl's cousins, — who lived hundreds of miles off. Her uncle was going to take the old Poland home with him in the steamboat and he stage. The little girl was sorry to have him sent away. They were going to send him in a box. They caught him, and put him in the box. They put three hens in with him for company. Then they began to nail some narrow strips of wood across the top of the box, so as to make a cage of it, and keep him from getting out.

While they were nailing on the strips, he gave a sudden spring and broke away. He ran off into the yard ; and, when he found he was at liberty, he began to step about with great satisfaction. Then he flapped his wings and crowed.

They drove him into a shed, and caught him again. This time they were more careful in putting him into the box, and in nailing on the strips. The little girl stood by, wishing that he would get out again. She did not like to see him nailed up in a cage. And she did not like to have him go away.

But this time he did not get out. They nailed him up securely. He put his head out between the wooden bars, but the interstices were too narrow for him to get his body through, and so he soon gave up the idea of making his escape.

They put some corn into the cage, for the old Polander and his hens to eat. But they paid no attention to it. They were so much agitated at being shut up together in such a strange place, that they had no appetite. So the people left the corn in there for them to eat on the way, and they put the cage with the other things, that were to go in the steamboat. There was a trunk ; and a great picture, with its frame, nailed up in a flat box ; and a large carpet bag, and some chairs.



All these things were left in the yard, waiting for the man to come in the cart to take them away. The poor little girl was sadly troubled to think that her cockerel was going away. She came and offered him some of her bread through the bars of his prison; but he would not eat.

Presently the cart came; and the man lifted the box and all the other things into it, and then drove away. The gentleman had told him to take them to the steamboat. So he went into the city, and passed along through the streets, till he came to the wharf, where the steamboat was. Then he took off the cage, and the picture box, and the trunk, and the carpet bag, and the chairs, and put them down upon the wharf by the side of the steamboat.

By and by the gentleman came down to the wharf to see if his things had been carried safely there. He found them all there upon the wharf. There were a great many other things upon the wharf. There were barrels, and boxes, and trunks, and other things, which had been sent there to go in the steamboat. There were some men there putting the things in. They called it putting the things *on board*. They had a broad plank; one end rested on the wharf, and the other end was down in the steamboat; and so

they could slide the boxes and barrels down ; and then they had a kind of a wheelbarrow to wheel the boxes away to any part of the steamboat where they wanted to put them. As to the barrels, they could roll them along easily, without any wheelbarrow.

All the people that wished to send anything by the steamboat, had to pay some money. There was a man upon the wharf, who had a little book and a pencil in his hands ; and he wrote the names of the things as fast as the people brought them, and told them how much to pay. He told the gentleman that he must pay a half a dollar for his articles. So the gentleman paid him half a dollar, and he wrote it down in his book. Then the men took the things, and slid them down into the steamboat. They put the cage near the middle of the steamboat, at the end of a great pile of trunks, which reached from the captain's office away to the main shaft. The cage came exactly under the main shaft.

The main shaft is a great round iron beam, which passes across the steamboat in the middle. The great paddle-wheels, which go round, and make the steamboat move through the water, are fastened to the ends of the main shaft. Some part of the steam engine takes hold of the main

shaft in the middle, and makes it go round. The main shaft was not moving when they put the cage under it, because the boat was not going then. It was standing still at the wharf. It was not time yet for the steamboat to sail. It would not be time until evening. So when the gentleman saw the cage put safely in its place, under the main shaft, and all the other things properly stowed away, he went back to the city to wait until evening, when the boat was going to sail.

When the evening came, he returned on board the boat. He found a great many people there. He went to the end of the great pile of trunks to see the old Polanders and his hens. They were there all safe, only they had rubbed off some of their feathers. The cage was laid down upon its side, so that the prisoners could look out a little through the bars; though there was not much for them to see. There were a good many feathers lying upon the deck of the steamboat, and also some of the corn which had been put in for them to eat. The cockerel and the hens had pushed out the corn and the feathers, some how or other, in walking about. The gentleman put the corn back into the cage, but they did not eat.

When all the passengers were ready, and the last bell had rung, the steamboat sailed away.

The sun went down, and the evening came on, and they lighted lamps all over the steamboat. By this time they were far out to sea. The passengers were down in the cabins, reading at the tables, or talking, or eating their suppers — all except a few who were still upon the deck. These that were upon the deck could see nothing, all around the boat, but water — water on every side. Only now and then they could see, at a great distance, a little star of light, too low down to be a star of the sky. It was a lighthouse upon the land, a very high lighthouse, with a great bright light in the top of it, so that the men in the ships and steamboats might know where the land was. But though the lighthouse was very high, and the light in the top of it was very bright, they could see nothing from the steamboat but a faint star, down very near to the horizon. It was because they were so far away from it.

At length, about nine o'clock, the passengers went to bed ; and while they were sleeping, the steamboat went ploughing on through the water, hour after hour, all the night long. At length, the day dawned in the east, and the light of it gleamed in a little, between the captain's office and the ladies' cabin. As soon as the old Po-

lander saw it, he set up a loud crow, to wake his hens, and let them know it was morning.

The gentleman heard him crow. "Ah!" said he, "the old cockerel is recovering his spirits. Perhaps this morning he will have some appetite to eat."

So, an hour or two after, when he was dressed, and ready for his breakfast, he went and borrowed a tea-cup from the forward cabin, and filled it with water, and carried it to the cage, to give the poor imprisoned birds a drink. He held the edge of the cup up between the bars of the cage. The interstices were so narrow that he could not get it in entirely. He looked in to see how the poor prisoners fared. They were crowded in, heads, tails, legs, and wings, all mixed together, so that they could not get at the cup to drink, very well.

Presently, one hen found the way to it, and began to drink. The old Polander's head was near; but he was so polite and gentlemanly, that he would not take any until all his hens had been supplied. They drank, one after another; and at length the water was all gone. The gentleman then went and filled the cup again, and after all the hens had drank, the rooster drank himself, and then crowed to express his satisfaction. The passengers heard him crow, and won-

dered how there happened to be a cockerel on board the steamboat.

By and by, the steamboat came to the land. The passengers went ashore, and rode away in various stage-coaches and carriages. They put the cage, with the old Polander and his hens in it, upon the top of a stage-coach ; while the gentleman who had the care of them rode within. They put the cage down upon its side, so that the cockerel and his hens could see out, and enjoy the prospect of the houses and farms along the way. When they stopped at the taverns to water the horses, or to change them, the boys gathered around to see the strange sight of a rooster and his family riding in the stage ; and the old Polander crowed in alternation with the tavern rooster in the barn yard.

At one time, the gentleman got some oats from a barn, and threw into their cage. They ate the oats with the greatest eagerness, — all except the old Polander, who waited till he saw that all his hens were well supplied, and then he ate as fast as they.

At night, the whole party reached their home. They took the box down from the stage, and carried it into the yard. They split off the bars from the cage. The old Polander walked out,



and his hens followed him. They looked around, surprised and bewildered, for a few minutes, and then the old Polander flapped his wings and crowed. He walked about among his hens a minute, with a majestic air, and, seeing that they had arrived safe at the end of their journey, with no other injury than that their caps were a little tumbled, he crowed again louder than ever; and they all went to work immediately catching grasshoppers and crickets for supper.

This is a true story.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE MOROCCO BOOK.

THE next day, when Miss Anne was getting Lucy ready to go to school, she told her that she had found out something about Mary Jay

“What is it?” said Lucy.

“Why, one thing is, that she is lame.”

“O no,” said Lucy, “she is not lame. She is a very beautiful girl indeed.”

Lucy did not know exactly what Miss Anne meant by *lame*; but she thought it was something unfavorable in regard to her appearance, and so she contradicted it. Lucy was right about Mary Jay's countenance; for it was really very pleasing.

“I did not say that she was not beautiful,” said Miss Anne, “but only that she was lame. That means, that she cannot walk very well.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “I don't believe that she is lame.”

“Did you see her walk?” said Miss Anne.

“No,” said Lucy; “she sat still all the time.”



"Didn't she come out in the recess?" asked Miss Anne.

"No," said Lucy; "but that was because she had a hard sum to do, and not because she was lame."

"Well," said Miss Anne, "you will see. Only, if she is lame, you must be sure and not laugh at her."

"O no, Miss Anne, I am sure I should not laugh at her."

"No, I think you would not; but sometimes children do, and so I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well," said Lucy, "I don't believe she is lame at all; and if she was, I am sure I shouldn't laugh at her."

So saying, Lucy went away to school. She walked along the road, as she had done the morning before, only now she was alone. The way was very direct, and she thought that she could find it herself, without any difficulty. She did not walk in the middle of the road, but in the path, upon the bank, by the side of it, where Marielle had led her.

She went along for some time, without meeting with any adventure, until, at length, she came to the beginning of the wall. She was very glad to

see the wall ; for this proved that she was right, and had not lost her way. After she had walked on a little farther, she thought she heard a rustling among the branches of the trees, over the wall above her head ; and she accordingly looked up.

“ Lucy,” said a gentle little voice above her.

Lucy looked all around ; and presently she saw a bright, happy-looking face, peeping between the branches of some small trees, which were pushed apart by a pair of little hands.

“ Marielle, is that you ? ” said Lucy.

“ Yes,” said Marielle, — for it was really she, — “ I climbed up here to watch for you.”

“ How did you get up ? ” said Lucy.

“ O, there are some steps,” said Marielle.

“ How can *I* get up ? ” said Lucy.

“ You can’t get up from the outside,” said Marielle, “ but you must walk along to the door gate, and come in there.”

So Lucy walked along to the door gate ; but just before she got to it, it opened, and Marielle came out to meet her.

“ O Lucy, we have got a secret,” said Marielle.

“ What is it ? ” said Lucy.

Just at this instant, two little boys came round the corner of the house, and met Lucy and Ma-

nelle, as they were walking along towards the door which led to the school-room.

"We have put it in the gardener's room," said one of them, — "the teacher said we might." The boy spoke in a very eager tone, but in a sort of a loud whisper, as if he was very much interested in what he was saying, but also as if he was afraid that somebody would hear.

"Hush!" said the other boy, looking up. "She will hear you."

"Who will hear?" said Lucy. Lucy looked about from one to the other, very much perplexed at all this mystery.

"Why, Mary Jay," said one of the boys: "the window is open, and she will hear."

"What is the secret?" said Lucy; "do tell me." But the children were all talking together so eagerly, and each calling upon the other to hush, that Lucy could not obtain any explanation from any of them. They walked along to the door, and went in; but, instead of going up stairs, they went to the door of a room below, which they said was the gardener's room. Lucy followed on as fast as she could. She wanted to see the secret very much.

But she was disappointed; for, just as they were opening the door of the gardener's room,

they heard a noise at the top of the stairs ; and they immediately began to exclaim, all together, "Hush ! hush ! Mary Jay is coming — she is coming. Shut the door quick." And they pulled the door to, as quick as possible, and all ran away.

It turned out, however, to be a false alarm ; for Mary Jay did not come. But, before they had time to go back again to the door of the garden-er's room, the bell rang, and they all had to go up stairs to the school-room.

When Lucy went into the school-room, Mary Jay was sitting at her seat, looking very innocent ; and she seemed to be perfectly unconscious of all the secrets and plots which were going on below. Lucy was confirmed in her opinion that she was not lame ; for, although she was still sitting in her seat, yet Lucy was sure she did not *look* as if she was lame.

However, the question was soon settled ; for, about the middle of the forenoon, the teacher asked Mary Jay if she would be kind enough to hear the third class read ; and Lucy immediately looked up to see what she would do. Two or three children, that belonged to the third class, began to go out of the room, to a seat which was placed in the entry, so that the reading might

not disturb the other scholars. Lucy saw them going out, and then she looked back again towards Mary Jay. To her great surprise, she saw that she was just putting a crutch under her right arm, as she was standing up by the side of her desk. There was a little boy at her side, ready to take hold of her left hand. She then walked slowly across the floor, making no noise, but leaning at every step upon her crutch, and scarcely touching her right foot to the floor. Poor Mary Jay was very lame indeed.

“Well,” thought Lucy to herself, with a deep sigh, as Mary Jay disappeared, and the door closed, “at any rate, I shall never laugh at her.”

At the recess that day, the children all gathered around Mary Jay’s desk, and said that she must come down. She said that she must stay and do her sums ; but the children said no, she must come down. They had a very particular reason. Mary Jay asked them what the reason was ; but they would not tell her, but only insisted that she must come down. One of the girls got her crutch, and handed it to her ; and at length she arose, put on her bonnet, took her crutch, and walked along, —some of the children going with her, and some scampering on before, with every appearance of exultation and delight.

Lucy followed on with the others ; and when she got to the foot of the stairs, she saw two or three of the children standing with their backs against the door of the gardener's room, as if to prevent any body from going in. The children that were walking with Mary Jay, led her by, and out at the door.

"What are you going to do with me?" said she.

"O, you'll see," said Marielle ; "you must come along out here."

They led Mary Jay round the corner of the building, to a seat under a tree, close to the walk ; and then they called aloud to those who had been left at the door of the gardener's room to come. Lucy wondered what they were going to bring. She ran back round the corner to look. She found that two or three boys, who belonged to the school, were just bringing down, over the steps, a little carriage. It had four good, strong wheels, and a good seat above them, just big enough for Mary Jay to sit in. For Lucy had made a great mistake in estimating her age at forty. The truth was, that she was just sixteen.

They drew the chaise up before the seat where Mary Jay was sitting, and told her that she must get in

"O no," said Mary Jay, "*I* can't get in. It is a beautiful little carriage, but it is not strong enough to bear me."

"O yes, it will bear you," said a boy named George, who was considerably bigger than Lucy; "my father said it would bear any body that could get into it. He got into it himself."

"Is it your carriage, George?" said Mary Jay.

"Yes," said George; "and I brought it for you to ride in. We want to draw you down to the summer-house."

"Well, I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Mary Jay; "but I can't let you draw me about. I can walk very well with my crutch."

"No," said the children, "you must ride; you *must* get in and ride."

And so saying, they took hold of Mary Jay, as if they were going to put her in by force; one of the children took hold of her crutch gently, and said he was going to run away with it, and then she would have to ride.

Mary Jay said, "No, you must not have my crutch, for I want that to help me get in with." And she rose from her seat, and seemed half inclined to go, but yet not quite decided.



"Are you sure it is strong enough, George?" said she.

"O yes," said George, "it is on irons; see," added he, pointing to the irons which supported the body of the chaise.

"Come, jump in, Mary Jay," said a pleasant voice from above them.

The children looked up, and saw that it was the teacher, who was looking out the window. "Come, jump in," said she; "I want to see the ride."

Being thus urged by the scholars, and encouraged by the teacher, Mary Jay cautiously mounted the carriage, and took her seat. George took hold of the pole; for there was a pole to the carriage, with a cross piece at the end of it, instead of shafts. Chaises, and carriages which are intended for *one* horse, have shafts; while those which are to be drawn by two or four, have a pole; and so one horse stands upon one side of the pole, and the other upon the other side. These two horses are called the *pole horses*. Then, if there are any more horses required, they are placed before the others, and are called *leaders*.

It had been agreed before, among the children, that George, and another boy about as large as he,



should be the pole horses, and two others, rather smaller, should be the leaders. There were only four boys belonging to the school. They thought it was more suitable that the boys should be the horses, to draw Mary Jay; but then they agreed that Marielle should take hold behind, and push a little, which would make it easier to draw. Thus arranged, the carriage began to move on.

"Slowly, now," said Mary Jay. "Gently, — gently."

"Yes," said George, "we will go gently."

The boys walked along, taking a turn by a circular walk which led around a pump that was placed in a little alcove, for watering the garden. They came gradually round to the head of a broad walk, which extended off to a great distance among the trees. Here the horses began to trot gently; and Mary Jay, who now seemed to feel more secure, and to perceive that the carriage was really a good, strong one, began to *chirup* a little to her horses, to make them go faster.

The horses were quite pleased with this, for they were horses of spirit, and were impatient to go faster; so they began to trot along the hard, smooth walk, with considerable speed. Marielle pushed behind, and Jane and Lucy, and two or

three other small children, ran after the carriage, doing all they could to keep up. Thus they travelled about, as long as the recess lasted, all over the garden ; for when Mary Jay was with them, they had permission to go to any part of it they pleased.

The recess was generally twenty minutes, — because, as there was only one school every day, it was about four hours and a half long ; and so the teacher thought that they ought to have a good long recess.

When the recess was ended, they drew Mary Jay back to the school-room, and told her that to-morrow they were going to have a story out of the Morocco Book.

“The Morocco Book ?” said Lucy to Marielle ;  
“what is the Morocco Book ?”

“To-morrow is not Wednesday, is it ?” said George.

“Yes,” said Marielle.

“Well,” said Lucy, “what of it, if it is ?  
What happens Wednesday ?”

“Why, we have a drawing school,” said Marielle, “in the afternoon. We all come to draw, — only Mary Jay stays at noon. And then, after the drawing, we always have an hour to play in the garden.”

There was no more time for explanations ; for now they reached the school-room, and Mary Jay got out of the little carriage, and they all went in.

At the close of the school, Lucy asked the teacher if *she* might come to the drawing school, the next day. The teacher said that she was too young to draw much ; but that if she would sit still, and draw upon the slate, and not disturb the others, she might come. Lucy made abundance of promises ; and when she went home and told her mother, it was agreed that she should go.

After the drawing school, the next day, the children brought the chaise to the door, and took Mary Jay in. She laid her crutch down by her side ; and Lucy observed that she had a large book, with morocco covers, in her lap.

“ Is that the Morocco Book ? ” said Lucy.

“ Yes,” said Marielle ; “ it is full of stories and pictures.”

When they reached the lower part of the garden, Mary Jay got out of the carriage, and the whole party seated themselves on some little seats in an arbor. When all were ready, Mary Jay opened the Morocco Book, and read them the following story.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STORY OF ROCKSY.

FROM MARY JAY'S MOROCCO BOOK.

ROCKSY lived with her mother in a small house, which was built in a lonely place upon the sea-shore. She thought that the reason why her name was Rocksy, was because she lived among the rocks; but this was not the reason. Her name was at first Roxanna, and they shortened it to Rocksy.

Her father was a fisherman. He had a boat, which he kept tied to a stake upon the beach, when he was not out in it upon the water, fishing. Rocksy used to get into this boat, and play go a-fishing. It was tied to the stake, so that it could not get away; but she could push it a little from one side to the other, when the tide was just high enough to float it. When she could not play in her father's boat, she used sometimes to play go a-fishing in the house; and then her fishing boat was her little brother's cradle.

For Rocksy had a little brother, just big enough to creep. She used to take care of him, and rock him in his cradle. Sometimes she would carry him down to the beach, when it was sunny, and put him on the sand, and let him sit there and see her throw pebbles into the water.

One day, Rocksy's father went a-fishing. It was pleasant weather in the morning, when he went; but at noon it became cloudy, and in the afternoon the wind began to blow, and it rained. Rocksy was sorry for the storm, because she wanted to go down to the beach that afternoon. Her mother was sorry, because she was afraid that her husband would be cast away.

Rocksy asked her mother to let her play go a-fishing in the cradle. Her mother said yes; and so she put her little brother in at the head of the cradle, while she sat at the foot of it, and began to rock, and to play that she was sailing out to sea. Sometimes she would make believe that there was a great storm; and then she would rock the cradle violently, and give orders to her little brother, whom she called her sailor. Then, at length, the storm would subside, and she would let the cradle be still; and then she would lean over the side of it, and pretend that she was fishing.

She was playing so when it began to grow dark. Her mother looked very anxious, and went several times to look out at the window

“Now, Jack,” said Rocksy, — for when she was playing that the baby was her sailor, she always called him Jack, — “Now, Jack, I feel a bite. Don’t say a word, Jack, and I’ll pull up a salmon.”

Now, the baby did not understand a single word about “feeling a bite,” or “pulling up a salmon,” but he liked to hear Rocksy talk; and so he sat still in the head of the cradle, and listened with every appearance of satisfaction and pleasure.

“Now, Jack, let out the rope a little. — Pay away, Jack; pay away.”

Here Rocksy’s mother went and looked out the window, and said, with a deep sigh,

“O dear me! how it storms!”

“I’ve got another fish, Jack,” continued Rocksy; “here he comes; it is a mackerel, — or else a perch. I don’t know but that it is a perch.”

Her mother came back to her work; but pretty soon she went to the window again.

“Now, Jack, there are no more fishes here,” said Rocksy; “we’ll sail away to another place.” And so she began to rock the cradle, and

make believe sail away. She looked up, at the same time, and saw her mother looking out the window very earnestly, with her hands on each side of her face, to shade her eyes from the light of the fire, which was shining in the room.

"What are you looking at, mother?" said Rocksy.

"O, it's dreadfully dark!" said her mother. "Why don't he come?"

She said this to herself; for she did not notice that Rocksy had spoken to her.

Rocksy stopped the cradle a moment, and looked at her mother.

"Mother," she said, "I don't think he will be cast away; he said he was not afraid of the storms."

Her mother did not answer, but continued gazing out of the window. The baby, finding that the play was suspended, began to be uneasy; and so Rocksy said,

"Well, well, Jack, we'll sail along."

So she began to rock the cradle violently, pretending that they were out in a terrible storm.

"O Jack," said she, "the winds and waves are terrible. It is a hurricane: we shall upset; I verily believe we shall upset."

And, true enough, they did upset; for Rocksy



pushed the motion of the cradle so far as to lose its balance ; and over it went forwards, pitching both herself and her brother out upon the floor.

Rocksy was hurt, and the baby was frightened ; so they both cried. Their mother came and took them up, and soothed and quieted them. Then she undressed the child, and put him in the cradle to go to sleep, and stationed Rocksy by his side, to rock him.

By and by, her mother had got the supper all ready by the fire, and she said she was going to put on her cloak, and go down to the shore, to see if she could hear anything of her husband.

“ I wish you would let me go with you, mother,” said Rocksy.

“ O no,” said her mother. “ You must not go. I want you to stay and rock the cradle till I come back. I shall not be gone long.”

But she *was* gone long, — very long.

Rocksy waited patiently at the cradle until her little brother was asleep, and then she thought it was not worth while to rock him any longer ; but still, as her mother had told her to rock him until she came back, she would not leave her post. By and by, she began to be very sleepy herself ; and she said, “ O, I do wish my mother would come, — or else my father.” But they



did not either of them come for a long time. The reason was this :

When Rocksy's mother went out, she found that the wind and the rain were terrible. It was pretty dark, too, but not so dark as it seemed to be when she looked out at the window. It generally looks darker out of doors, when we look out of the window in the evening, than it really is. Rocksy's mother knew her way down to the shore very well. There was a path ; and, besides, she could hear the sea roaring, and she knew, by that, which way to go.

When she got to the beach, she listened ; but she could not hear anything but the noise of the winds and the waves. She then thought she would go down on the Point. The Point was a ledge of rocks which extended out into the sea, and sheltered the water which was near the beach. There were rocks and breakers out at the end of it. She was afraid that her husband's boat was dashed upon the rocks and breakers. There was a path which led down to the Point. It was a pretty long walk ; but she went on perseveringly until she got to the extremity of it. The winds roared, and the waves dashed against the rocks dreadfully. She listened, but she could not hear anything of her husband. She wished

that she had a match and some wood, to build a great fire on the rocks, so that her husband might see it, and thus find his way in from the sea.

Presently she thought she must go back and take care of her children. So she turned around towards the shore, and walked along the path. She walked on until she came to a low place, where the path went across a narrow neck of land. She found that the water had risen and overflowed this place. The storm had made the water rise very high. She had never known the path to be overflowed by the water before. She was very much frightened. She could not get back to her children, and she did not know what she should do.

She had to stay here many hours. She got into a sheltered place among the rocks, where she was not much exposed to the wind and rain. Here she waited for the water to go down ; but it only rose higher and higher.

She thought the storm was abating ; but it was not abating. The reason why she thought it was abating was, that she was upon the sheltered side of the Point, and under the shelter of the rocks, besides. The water was pretty smooth near her ; but around upon the other side of the

Point, it roared and dashed upon the rocks terrifically. So the storm continued, and the tide was rising; and both together kept the water so high, that Rocksy's mother could not get home.

By and by, about midnight, she thought she heard a rattling noise. It sounded like the rattling of a rope. Then she thought she heard the sound of oars. She started up. She thought that perhaps it was her husband coming home. She called aloud to him. He answered. Then she knew it was her husband. He had just succeeded in getting in to the land. He was very much surprised to find her there. She told him that she had come down to the rocks to look for him, and now she could not get back, because the water was so high. So he brought his boat up to the rocks where she was standing, and took her in. Then he carried her safe to the landing-place, and they both got out and went up to the house, almost exhausted, and wet with the rain.

They found both the children asleep. The baby was in his cradle, where they had left him; and Rocksy had sunk down upon the floor, with her head upon a little cricket, and one hand still upon the cradle. She had rocked her brother as long as she could possibly keep awake; and even

when she went to sleep, she did not take away her hand.

"Is that the end?" said several voices at once, when Mary Jay stopped reading.

"Yes," said Mary Jay, "that is the end."

"Is there any picture?" asked Jane.

"Yes," answered Mary Jay, "two."

The children all gathered up around Mary Jay to see. She spread open the great book in her lap, and showed them the pictures. The first was a picture of the shore, with the fisherman's house upon it, and the boats fastened in their places. Rocksy and the baby were playing upon the beach.

Lucy had supposed that the book was a printed book, while Mary Jay was reading; but while she was looking at the picture, she found that it was written with a pen. The picture, too, was not a printed picture; it was painted, — in beautiful colors.

After the children had looked at this picture long enough, Mary Jay turned over the leaf, and showed them another. It was a view of the interior of the fisherman's cottage at night. It looked dark, only there was a little blaze of fire

upon the hearth, which flashed about the room. Rocksy was asleep, with her head upon the crick-et and her hand upon the cradle

The children looked on a moment in silence; and at length Mary Jay said,

“Was not she a good, faithful, trustworthy girl?”

“Yes, indeed,” said all the children.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## ROYAL'S STORY.

ONE day, when Lucy was about five years old, she was sick. She was not very sick,—only a little sick, just so that they could not let her go out of doors.

Lucy looked out of the window for some time, to see them get in the large yellow pumpkins from the garden. Then she played with her picture-books a little while. After that, she did not know what to do. She came and stood by her mother, who was sewing.

And she said, “Mother, I wish I knew what to do.”

And her mother said, “I think you had better lie down upon the sofa a little while, and go to sleep.” But Lucy said, “O mother, I am not sleepy; I am only tired of not having anything to do.”

Then her mother told her that, if she were to lie down upon the sofa, she would probably go to

sleep after a little while, and then, when she waked up afterwards, she would feel better.

So her mother went and brought a pillow, and put it upon the sofa, and laid Lucy down, with her head upon the pillow.

Then her mother said that she would come and sit near her while she went to sleep; and she brought her chair up near to the sofa, and put her work-basket upon the sofa, next to Lucy's feet. Then she told Lucy to shut her eyes and lie still, and that she would probably soon go to sleep.

So Lucy shut her eyes; but she could not keep them shut very still. Her eyelids quivered a little, because she was not sleepy. It was hard for her to keep them shut. Presently she opened her eyes a little, just to see whether her mother had gone away. But her mother was sitting still close by her side.

A few minutes after this, she opened her eyes wide, and wanted her mother to tell her a story, while she was going to sleep; but her mother said no. She wanted her to lie perfectly still, and go to sleep in silence.

Presently Lucy said, "Mother, I can keep my eyes shut pretty well now." Her mother did not answer, but she looked at Lucy's eyes, and observed that the quivering of the eyelids had ceased.



Lucy began to like to lie still upon the sofa. She felt that she was resting beautifully. A very pleasant feeling of forgetfulness seemed to come over her. Instead of wishing to get up, she began to wish not to be disturbed; her mind wandered; her thoughts seemed to float away; and she gradually sank into forgetfulness and slumber.

She did not awake until more than an hour afterwards. But she did not know that any time had passed; for when children are asleep, they are not often conscious of the lapse of time. When Lucy opened her eyes, she saw her mother sitting before the sofa, sewing, just as she had been when she lay down; and just beyond was Lucy's little table, with a large, shallow tin pan on it. Lucy wondered what it could be.

She asked her mother what was in that tin pan. Her mother told her it was soap and water.

"And what is it for?" said Lucy.

"It is for you to blow bubbles with, if you would like it," said her mother.

"Well," said Lucy; and she began to get up, very much pleased. Then she asked her mother how the pan and the table came to be there.

"I brought it here while you were asleep," said her mother.



“Why, mother!” said Lucy; “have I been asleep?”

Her mother told her that she had been asleep more than an hour.

Lucy was much surprised to hear this; and she got up immediately to blow her bubbles. She found a pipe in the pan, the handle resting upon the side.

Lucy enjoyed herself very much blowing the bubbles. Her mother showed her how to shake them off from the pipe, so as to let them sail through the air. After a little practice, Lucy succeeded very well in liberating them from their attachment to the pipe. When they fell upon the carpet, Lucy would blow them along with her breath; and, after she got tired of blowing in that way, she asked her mother to let her have the bellows to blow them with. This plan succeeded finely. She could blow them along very easily with the bellows. Sometimes she would get three or four bubbles at a time upon the carpet, and then, by giving them a good puff with the bellows, she would make them roll off together in all directions.

Just at this time, Lucy's brother Royal came in. Royal was a pretty good boy, only he was

sometimes a little rough with his sister. This is a very common fault among boys.

"Ah, Lucy," said he, as soon as he came in, "what have you got now? Let *me* have the pipe; I'll show you how to blow."

Lucy was just dipping her pipe into the pan, to blow a new bubble; but she said no, she wanted to blow, herself.

Royal came up, and took hold of the pipe, as if he was going to take it out of her hands, and said,

"Just a minute, Lucy. Let me have it a minute, and I'll blow you a bubble as big as your head."

"No," said Lucy, clinging to the pipe.

"And all full of rainbows," persisted Royal.

"No," said Lucy; "I want it myself."

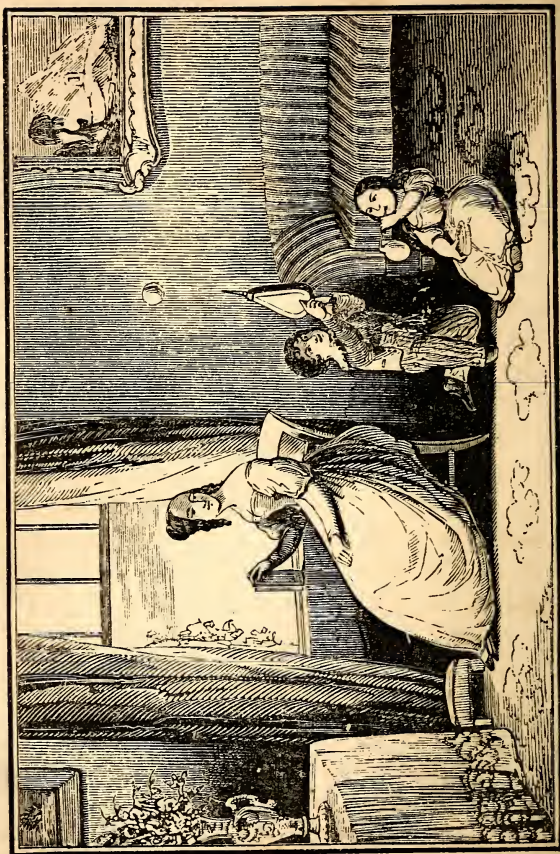
Royal did not consider that Lucy's enjoyment did not consist in the mere size and colors of the bubbles, but in the pleasure of blowing them herself.

Just at this time, Lucy's mother turned around, and said,

"Royal, you must not disturb Lucy."

"Why, mother," said Royal, "I only want to blow her a golden ball."





Royal used to call the bubbles which were so large as to show a great variety of splendid colors, *golden balls*.

"No," said his mother; "I got those things for Lucy's amusement, and you must let her do with them just what she pleases."

So Royal let go of the pipe, and Lucy went on blowing.

"I'll show you how I blow it along the carpet," said Lucy, when she stopped a moment, to take breath.

"Let *me* blow it," said Royal.

But Lucy wanted to blow it herself. So she shook off the bubble, and when it had fallen to the floor, she took up the bellows, and gave it a little puff, which set it a rolling along towards Royal. It struck his foot, and then broke and disappeared, at which both Royal and Lucy laughed aloud, with great appearance of delight.

At length, Lucy let Royal take the bellows, while she kept the pipe; and so he would blow the bubbles along the carpet, as fast as Lucy dropped them down. By-and-by, he contrived to blow the bubbles before they touched the floor; and at last he had a way of holding the bellows under them, and blowing them up into the air. When they found they could succeed in ma-

king the bubbles go up, they kept continually calling upon their mother to look. It was, "O see, mother, see!" and "Look! look quick! mother, look!" very frequently indeed.

"Yes, I see," said their mother. "They go beautifully, only I should think you would be very tired of holding the bellows in such a position."

"I am, mother, — they are such heavy bellows. I should think the bubbles might go up of themselves."

"If you could find a place where there is a natural current of air upwards, and could shake off your bubbles there, they would go up of themselves."

Here Royal put down his bellows, and came to his mother, and said,

"Well, mother, where is there any such a place?"

"I know of one place; but you can't get at it, very well."

"Where, mother? I guess I can get at it," said Royal.

"Just over the top of the chimney, upon the house," his mother answered. "The hot air, which comes up from the fire, goes out there, and rises quite high."

"Well, mother," said Royal, very eagerly, "I can get up, I know."

"O no," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, — I can get a ladder. I know where there is a ladder, just right."

"O no," said his mother; "it would be preposterous. Besides, there is no fire in the fireplace now."

"There is in the kitchen, mother," said Royal.

"Yes, and then, — now I think of it, — I believe the air always draws up through a chimney, whether there is a fire in it or not. You may take away the fire-board, and shake off your bubbles in the chimney, and see if they will go up."

The children immediately made preparations for trying this experiment; and they found, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, that they could make very light and thin bubbles rise and disappear up the chimney. Lucy blew the bubbles, as the pipe was hers. Royal stood by, restless and uneasy, wishing continually that he had another pipe.

"You had a pipe once," said Lucy.

"I know it; but I broke it," said Royal. "My pipes always break."

"Well, I am afraid you will break mine," said Lucy, "if I let you have it."



"No," said Royal, "I will be very careful indeed. Just let me have it to blow one, — only one. I want to blow one monster, — so big that he can't get up chimney. Just let me have it to blow one, and then I will give it right back to you again."

Lucy gave him the pipe, reluctantly, and he began to blow. The bubble broke when it was about as big as an orange.

"There," said Lucy, "now let me have it."

"No," said Royal; "that was a miss."

"But you said *one*."

"Only one big one. I want to blow a good big one."

So he began to blow again. This time the bubble broke when it was still smaller; and just as Lucy began to say that now Royal *must* give her back her pipe, he said suddenly,

"O Lucy, I think of a most capital place to make the bubbles go up — capital."

"Where?" said Lucy.

"Over the register, in the parlor."

What Royal meant by the register was this. There was a furnace, or stove set within brick walls, in the cellar of the house, for heating the air to warm the house. The smoke and sparks all went off by a stove pipe; but the hot air from

around the outside of the stove came up through a round hole in the parlor floor. Over this hole was a brass apparatus, by means of which it could be shut or opened at pleasure. This brass contrivance was called the register.

Now, in the winter season, when there was a fire in the furnace below, and the register was open, the hot air always came up in a strong current, which puffed in the children's faces, when they held them over the opening.

So Royal thought that this would be a fine place to make the bubbles go up ; and instead of giving Lucy back the pipe, he began to run off to the parlor, calling and beckoning to Lucy to follow him.

It was as Royal expected. The register was a very fine place for experiments with bubbles. The draft of air made the bubbles ascend rapidly, and one went up quite to the wall, where it struck, and then burst in an instant.

"Now, Royal," said Lucy, "let me have my pipe. I want to blow some."

"Well," said Royal, — "only first let me blow one more. And, first, I'll take out the register, so as to let the air come up faster."

Now, the register was made so as to take out and put in easily ; and when it was out, it left

the hole entirely open. The hole was pretty large, and it was round.

Royal blew another bubble; and when he set it free from the pipe, it rose very handsomely. "See, Lucy, see!" said he; "it goes up just like a balloon. I wish we had a car to it."

"Well, now, let me have my pipe," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Royal, "in one minute. I don't believe but that a bubble will carry up the pipe itself, for a car."

"No," said Lucy, taking hold of the pipe.

"Yes," said Royal, still holding on to it, "it will, if I blow a monstrous big one. It must be a monstrous big one, I acknowledge, Lucy. Just let me blow one monster, and then, if it does not carry the pipe up hanging at the bottom of it, I'll give you my little finger."

"I don't want your little finger," said Lucy. "I want my pipe."

Royal had, however, by this time begun to blow his monster, and Lucy, who felt some curiosity to see whether the bubble would really carry up the pipe, and who, besides, being a gentle and peaceable little girl, was disposed rather to submit to Royal's injustice than to be very strenuous in resisting it, sat quietly by, watching the great bubble as it

gradually expanded under the bowl of the pipe, and as the colors glittered and waved all over its surface. At length she said,

“There, now, quick, Royal; it is just going to burst.”

Royal at once very gently, but very quickly, withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and let go of it. At the same instant, the bubble burst, and the pipe disappeared. It had gone down the register!

“There, now!” said Lucy, in a tone of great grief and disappointment; “now you have lost my pipe.”

Royal looked down the register; but it was a dark hole, and nothing was to be seen.

“How unlucky it was,” said he, “that the bubble burst just at that moment! I do verily believe it would have carried the pipe up, Lucy, if it had not broke.”

Lucy did not answer. The tears were fast coming into her eyes.

“Don’t cry, Lucy,” said Royal; “you’ll get another pipe some of these days.”

But the prospect of getting another pipe, some of these days, did not seem to be sufficient consolation; for Lucy turned away overwhelmed

with sorrow, and was going into the other room to her mother.

Royal jumped up, and followed her, and put his arm round her neck, and begged her not to cry. "Come," said he, "come with me to the sofa, and I'll tell you a story. I'll tell you a beautiful story about some enormous great bubbles, that a boy blew once with a blacksmith's bellows."

Lucy's curiosity was somewhat excited by this, and she suffered herself to be led, reluctantly, to the sofa, where Royal drew her up near to him, and commenced his story thus:—

"Once there was a boy blowing bubbles out in the yard. When he got tired, he lay down on the grass, under a tree, and got asleep. While he was asleep, he dreamed; and he dreamed about blowing bubbles. He dreamed that he had a little pond full of soap-suds, and that he had a pipe with a bowl as big as a barrel, and a blacksmith's bellows to blow with.

"The first bubble he blew was as big as a hog's-head, and the second was as big as this room."

"O Royal," said Lucy, "I don't believe it."

"Why, I didn't tell you it was true, Lucy; it was only a dream."

"O yes," said Lucy.

“The great bubble, as big as this room,” continued Royal, “had a splendid great rainbow round the middle of it, — a hundred colors, — all different.

“And there was a drop hanging at the bottom of the bubble, which was big enough for the boy to get into. So he said that he would have the bubble for the balloon, and the drop for his car, and he got into the car, and sailed away up into the air.”

“O Royal!” said Lucy, “what a story!”

“He went up,” continued Royal, “to a great height; and there an eagle came flying along, and happened just to touch the bubble with the tip of his wing, and burst it, and the poor boy began to fall. He was terribly frightened. He thought that he should certainly be killed. But while he was falling, he woke up, and found himself safe under the tree.”

Here Royal paused, and Lucy was silent a moment, when at length she said,

“And did any boy really dream such a dream as that?”

“No,” said Royal, — “it was only a story I made up, just to amuse you.”

“Is that all?” said Lucy. “I thought at least

he really dreamed. But now how shall I get my pipe?"

"Why, as to your pipe, Lucy," said Royal, "I am sorry for it, truly, — but, you see, you hurried me, — that was the cause. You told me it was just going to burst, and so I let it go too quick, and made it burst. I am convinced that the bubble was big enough to have carried the pipe up; and then just think," added Royal, with a smile, "how beautiful it would have looked soaring around the room, and, at last, when the bubble went out, dropping on the sofa."

"It would not have dropped on the sofa," said Lucy, looking quite serious still. In fact, all Royal's attempts to amuse her mind, and make her forget her pipe, seemed to have only a temporary effect; and at last they both went out into the other room to state the case to their mother. Miss Anne was sitting there, and she heard the story too.

Lucy's mother listened attentively to all the particulars of the case, before expressing any opinion. She heard all that Lucy had to say, and all that Royal had to say; and at last Royal concluded by asking, whether, on the whole, she did not consider Lucy as much to blame as



he was for dropping the pipe down in the register.

"Why, we must distinguish," said their mother, "between the different parts of the transaction. There is your refusal to give back Lucy her pipe, your taking out the register without leave, and your dropping the pipe. I don't see that either of you was to blame in regard to the dropping of the pipe."

"Neither of us?"

"No; it was an accident,—a mere accident. Your letting go of such a heavy thing over a deep hole, with nothing to hold it up but a bubble, may show your ignorance of philosophy,—but there was no evil intention in your mind, at that moment, I suppose, and therefore nothing like guilt in it.

"But, then, as to your taking out the register without leave, that was not right. It was what we call a *misdemeanor*. You knew that I do not like to have the register taken out, on account of the danger that things may fall down into the flue. This was an irregularity,—an act contrary to good order,—a *misdemeanor*. But then the *misdemeanor* was fully committed when you got the register fairly out. It was not altered by anything that took place afterwards. It was not

made any more a misdemeanor, by your dropping the pipe into the hole ; nor would it have been any less a misdemeanor, if you had not dropped anything, but had put the register safely back again, after you had done playing.

“Then, finally,” continued Royal’s mother, “your refusal to give Lucy back her pipe readily when she wanted it, was *worse* than a misdemeanor. It was *morally wrong*. It was unjust. We ought not to keep rightful owners out of possession of their property, just because we are the strongest, and have the power. In important cases among men, this is called oppression and robbery ; but the principle is the same, and the nature of the moral guilt is the same in so small a case as this,—merely keeping a pipe a few minutes away from the child that it belongs to.”

“Yes, mother,” said Royal. “I read in a book once, that it was as bad to steal a pin, as it was to steal a thousand dollars.”

“I have heard such things said,” his mother answered, “but I think it is a mistake. The guilt is the same in *nature*, but less in *degree*. It shows a greater degree of hardihood and depravity, generally, to commit a great robbery, than it does to commit a small one. In fact, criminals go on, in proportion as they grow

more and more wicked, from small to large crimes."

"I think so too, mother," said Royal.

"So, you see, your keeping Lucy out of possession of her pipe, was *morally wrong*; the opening of the register was a *misdemeanor*; and the dropping down the pipe, was only an *accident*, and of no moral quality whatever.

"But, then," she continued, "you must observe that, although it was an accident, still it was *your* accident, and not Lucy's; and of course you ought to bear the loss.

"How, mother?" said Royal.

"Why, by buying Lucy another pipe with your money."

"What, when it was only an accident, and I was not to blame?"

"Certainly; we often meet with losses from accidents. And every one must bear their own. Once I went a shopping, and took you with me, when you were a very small boy; and when we were in a crockery store, and I was busy looking at some tumblers, you got my parasol, and hooked the little crook at the end of it into the handle of a pitcher upon the counter, and pulled it down."

Royal laughed aloud at this anecdote of one

of his earlier years. Even Lucy seemed a little amused.

"Did it break, mother?" he asked.

"O yes, all to pieces," said she. "Now there was an accident; nobody was to blame; but then ——"

"Why, I should think that *I* was to blame," said Royal.

"No, you did not know that it would break."

"Why, how big was I?"

"O, only just big enough to run about."

Here Royal laughed again, loud and long, — too much delighted with the story itself to listen to the application which his mother intended to make of it to the present argument. However, when his glee had in some measure subsided, his mother added,

"Now, that was an accident; but then it was *my* accident, not the shopman's; and so I immediately paid for the pitcher."

"Well, mother," said Royal, "I'll buy Lucy another pipe. I've got some money in my box up stairs. I'll take a cent, and go and buy you one this afternoon, Lucy. Two; I'll buy you two. I can get two for a cent, — beautiful ones, with twisted stems."

Lucy wiped away the remains of her tears,

and began to look quite pleased at this prospect. Then in a minute she began to advance towards Royal, playfully, and said,

“Well, there’s one thing I know, — I’ve got your little finger.”

“My little finger?” said Royal.

“Yes,” answered Lucy; “you said that if the pipe did not go up, you’d give me your little finger.”

“O dear me,” said Royal, pretending to be much concerned at the loss of his little finger. “What shall I do?”

“Yes, it is mine,” said she; “give it to me. I’m going to carry it off. I have a right to do what I’ve a mind to with it. I mean to pinch it, and tie a string round it, as tight as I can.”

So Lucy took hold of his little finger, and dragged him off by it into the parlor, to find a string, Royal all the time pretending to hang back, and saying, “O! O!” in a comical tone, and Lucy laughing with all her heart.

When they were gone, Miss Anne said,

“I rather think that when Royal was little, he was pretty much such a boy as he is now.”

“Yes,” said his mother, “pretty much the same.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE MOROCCO BOOK AGAIN

LUCY learned a good deal more about the Morocco Book the next day after Mary Jay had read the story of Rocksy out of it. The children told her that some time before, when she first came to the school, she used to write stories for them in little books, and upon sheets of paper, until, at last, one day the teacher made her a present of the great Morocco Book, to copy her stories into.

"Then what did she do with the little books?" said Lucy.

"O, she gave some of them to us," said Marielle; "she gave me one about Alice."

"I wish you would read it to me some day," said Lucy.

"Well," said Marielle, "I will, — in some recess."

Marielle did, some days after this, read her the story of Alice, — as will be more particularly described in the latter part of this volume. Before that time, however, Mary Jay read to the

girls, at different times, several stories from the Morocco Book ; the first of which was called the *Stormy Evening*, and was as follows :—

### THE STORMY EVENING.

FROM THE MOROCCO BOOK.

ONE stormy evening, little Jane came up to her grandmother, who was sitting in a great arm-chair in the corner, and kneeled down upon her cricket, and rested her arms in her lap. Her grandmother was knitting. She looked down upon Jane, and said,

“ Well, Jenny, have you come to bid me good night ? ”

“ O no, grandmother,” said Jane ; “ it is not time for me to go to bed yet. I have come for you to tell me a story.”

“ A story ! ” said her grandmother, — “ O, I have forgotten all my stories.”

“ Well, tell me something,” said Jane.

“ Let me see, — I will tell you about this stormy evening. Do you know what makes this storm ? ”

“ No,” said Jane.

“ Why, there is a great ocean of air, above



us and around us, which is all moving swiftly along, sweeping over the forests, and valleys, and tops of the mountains. It comes from the cold north, and the moisture which is in it is chilled, and is turned into snow, and falls continually down to the ground. The wind roars through the forests, and whistles around the houses, and drives the snow, with a *click, click*, against the windows. And yet here, in our warm house, and by our comfortable fire, we are sheltered and protected from it completely."

"What does that mean?" said Jane.

"Why, we are covered from it, so that the wind does not blow upon us."

"O yes," said Jane; "well; go on."

"Puss is asleep," continued her grandmother, "before the fire, with her chin upon her paws for a pillow. *You* have been reading your book by the table, and *I* am here knitting, at my ease; and the vast torrents of wind and driving snow sweep by us without doing us any harm at all. This is one stormy evening scene; but there are a great many others very different from this, in different parts of the world."

"What are they, grandmother?" asked Jane.

"Why, there is a different scene at the lonely farmer's cabin in the woods. The farmer lights

his lantern, and goes out to his barn, to feed his horses and his oxen. His little son goes with him, and holds the lantern for him, standing upon the ladder, while his father pitches down the hay. They then go back into the house, wading through the snow; the little children are lying upon the floor asleep, with their feet towards the fire; and the snow, which drives through the crevices in the walls, and around the windows and door, forms little drifts upon the floor. But in the mean time a blazing fire glows and crackles in the great stone fireplace, and the family are contented and happy.

“The stormy evening presents another scene at sea. The ship heaves and tosses over the great waves. The sky is dark, — the wind howls through the icy rigging. A few men walk about the deck, or lean over the bulwarks, cold, and wet, and tired, and one stands at the helm, watching the compass, which is lighted by a little lamp in a box before him, and which tells him which way to steer. They are all waiting for midnight, when they hope the storm will lull.”

“What do you mean by *lull*?” asked Jane.

“Why, that the wind will not blow so hard,” said her grandmother.

“The stormy evening presents another scene,”

she continued, "in the lonely places among the mountains. There it is all silence and solitude. Not a living thing is to be seen. The birds have flown away, — the squirrel is in his deep hole, under the ground; the leaves have fallen from the trees, and the wind moans gloomily through the desolate branches; — but there is no ear to hear it, and no eye to see the vast piles of snow which gather under the craggy rocks, and bury the trunks of the old, fallen trees.

"There is another scene presented by the stormy evening, when a traveller is out alone upon a solitary road, and finds it difficult to make out his way through the trackless and unbroken snow. The fine flakes drive into his face, and the keen wind makes his ears tingle. His horse sometimes rears and plunges, when he gets deep into the drifts, and then, a moment afterwards, at the summit of a little hill, he drags the grating irons of the sleigh runners over the bare and frozen ground. The weary traveller strains his eyes to catch a glimmer of light from some house by the way-side, where he at least may ask how much farther it is to the end of his journey."

"Yes," said Jane, "and he might ask them to let him stay all night, and then go home the next morning."

"So he could," said her grandmother.

"The stormy evening," she continued, "presents another scene in the great city. The coachmen, wrapped in rough great-coats, drive, through the loose snow, up to the doors of the great houses, to take the ladies to their visits. The shopkeepers' boys shovel and brush the snow, that has already fallen, off the side-walks, by the bright gas light which streams through the great panes of the shop windows; and then they put up the shutters and go in. The merchant, who has just finished reading the news which came in by the evening mail, buttons up his wrapper, and goes towards his home; and, as he turns the corner of the street, and the wild blast of the storm strikes him in all its fury, he hopes that his ship is well off the coast. The school-boy drags his sled, half buried in the snow, to the door in the brick wall which leads to the courtyard of his father's house, and, entering, disappears; while, at the same instant, the lamp-lighter is just climbing up his little ladder to the top of the lamp-post outside, and lights the lamp with his blazing torch, which flashes upon the fresh snow, and upon the sides of the lofty buildings."

Here Jane's grandmother stopped.

"Is that all, grandmother?" said Jane.

"Why, that is all I think of now. Though there is one more scene that I can *imagine*. I can imagine that little Jane takes her lamp, bids her father and mother good night, and goes to her trundle-bed. She draws the comforter up to her chin, and, after praying to Almighty God to take care of her, she falls asleep, and dreams of slidings and sleigh-rides all night, while the wind blows as it will."

Here Jane's grandmother paused again.

"Tell me a little more," said Jane.

"No," said her grandmother, "no more; but now let me hear how well you remember what I have told you. Tell me all about it."

"Well, grandmamma," said Jane, "if you will take me up in your lap."

So Jane's grandmother took her up in her lap, and Jane began as follows:—

"Once there was a man,— travelling,— no, let's see; how does it begin, grandmother?"

"O, go on; you are beginning very well."

"Well,— he rode over a little hill, and saw a house,— and ——"

Here Jane began to be very restless, and to move as if she was trying to get down; and she said,

"O dear me! I am *so* tired of telling!"

Here Jane's grandmother began to laugh out-

right, and she tickled Jane, as she slid down upon the cricket, and said,

“Ah ha! you are a fine little auditor, here you have forgotten all my story.”

Jane struggled, and pulled, and tried to get away, making the room ring all the time with her merry peals of laughter, saying, all the time,

“O no, grandmother, I have not forgotten; I have not forgotten, grandmother. I haven’t forgotten.”

Her grandmother paid no attention to what she said, but kept up the frolic by leaning over and holding her down, and playfully shaking and squeezing her, until, at length, Jane rolled over upon the carpet, and scrambled off out of her reach.

As soon as she was at a safe distance, she assumed a sober look, and turned around, and said,

“I have not forgotten, grandmother, certainly I can tell you a great deal.”

“Well,” said her grandmother, “come, then, and tell me.”

So Jane came again, and took her seat in her grandmother’s lap, to begin again.

“Now,” said her grandmother, “describe the scene at the farmer’s cabin on a stormy evening.”

“Well, — the farmer goes out to the barn to

feed his oxen, and the ship tosses about upon the waves — and — and —— ”

“ Well, that will do for that,” said her grandmother. “ Now tell me about the scene in the city.”

“ In the city ? ” asked Jane.

“ Yes,” answered her grandmother.

“ Let me see ; — was that about the ship ? ”

“ No,” said her grandmother.

“ O, I remember now,” said Jane. “ It was about the Jack-o-lantern, — and the drivers. — They go with their horses to let the ladies take their visits. I should like to have a ride in such a coach as that, — if they had four horses, — or five. I think they had about four. Well, and the boy lights the lamps with his candle-lantern, and wishes that his ship was away off; and that is all that I can remember.”

So Jane jumped down, and ran away, while her grandmother, after having a good hearty laugh, went on with her knitting.



## CHAPTER X.

## A DIALOGUE.

THERE were some dialogues, as well as stories, in the Morocco Book. One was named *The Quagmire*. It was as follows:—

## THE QUAGMIRE.

SCENE I.—*A wild road near the margin of a wood. Laura, George, and their Father and Mother, with a horse and chaise.*

*Laura.* WHERE are your raspberries, George?

*George.* I have put them here in the chaise; and I will put yours in, too, as soon as I have unfastened the horse.

*Father.* Now, children, I am going to walk home; and you, George, may drive your mother; and as for you, Laura, which will you do, — ride with them, or walk with me?

*Laura.* Why, — which would you do, father? Will you let me drive a little, George?

*George.* Yes, you may drive a little way, when we get up by the blacksmith's.

*Laura.* Well, then, I will ride.

*Father.* Hold him a minute, George, while I help mother in.

*Mother.* Wait. I'll put the small basket behind the great one. There.

*Father.* Now, Laura ——

*Laura.* But, father, you will be all alone. I believe, on the whole, I will walk with you. — Which *would* you do?

*Father.* You must decide. It is a mere matter of fancy. You must not walk to keep me company. I shall have company enough. Do just which you prefer.

*George.* Come, Laura, — in ; I'm waiting.

*Laura.* Well, father, — which road are you going ?

*Father.* Along the bank.

*Laura.* And over the brook, by the great log?

*Father.* Yes, where you almost tumbled in.

*Laura.* Well, father, I'll walk. Perhaps I shall see some more little fishes.

*George.* Well, good by, then, Laura ; stand back from the wheel. Come, Jack.

*Laura.* I've a great mind to ride. Take good care of my raspberries, George.

*Father.* Come, Laura; now they've gone, we'll walk along at our leisure.

*Laura.* Yes, father. I've a great mind to run and take hold behind the chaise till they get up the hill. *George!* look around here, and see us.

*George.* Ah, Laura, you'll wish you had concluded to ride.

*Father.* Mind your driving, George, and whip up.

*Laura.* Father, I wish I had rode.

*Father.* Well, Laura, it isn't too late; but then you'd lose the fishes.

*Laura.* No, I'll walk. I can ride at any time. He may go. George, which way do you think you shall go?

*George.* Round by the mill, and then across through the woods. But I can't talk to you any more; I must whip up.

*Laura.* Now, father, after all, I'm sorry that I didn't ride. I like very much to ride through the woods. Last time we went, we saw a squirrel there. I'll call him.

*Father.* No, Laura, it is too late now. You've decided.

*Laura.* No, father, I'll run. I can stop him. I can call very loud. George! George! Mother! George!

*Father.* No, Laura. Laura, come back; the wheels make too great a rattling. You must walk now.

*Laura.* O father! He won't stop. How I wish I had got into the chaise! He wouldn't stop, and yet I know he heard me. He wouldn't stop, and now I can't ride.

*Father.* No, you can't ride now. You had your choice; and you chose to walk with me. You can't ride, but you can go over the great log, and see the fishes.

*Laura.* But, father, I don't care about the fishes. I've seen them already. I don't care about the fishes. I wanted to ride, and now I shall have to walk all the way home, and I shall get so tired! O dear me! Why didn't he stop?

SCENE II. — *A parlor. The tea-table. Laura, George, and their Father.*

*Laura.* Now, George, you've dropped my doll out of the window.

*George.* She jumped. I verily believe she





jumped. I'll go and get her. She has fallen behind the rose-bush.

*Laura.* Ah, father, I am glad to see you putting away your book. Now if you will only tell me a story.

*Father.* Very well; come and sit in my lap here, and look out the window, and I'll tell you the story of a man and a quagmire.

*Laura.* What is a *quagmire*, father?

*George.* Here is your doll, Laura. — A quagmire? I know what a quagmire is. It is a kind of a swamp.

*Laura.* Then why don't they say *swamp*, at once? and I should understand.

*Father.* Because it is not exactly the same. A quagmire is a very deep, miry swamp, or part of a swamp. — And now for my story. — Once there was a quagmire; and the road, when it came near it, turned off and went by it on one side. There was a turnpike also, which branched off from the old road, and went by on the other side.

*Laura.* What is a turnpike?

*George.* Why, — a turnpike? Laura, don't you know what a turnpike is? It is a kind of a straight road.

*Laura.* Is it, father?

*Father.* Yes, a turnpike is generally straighter



and nearer than the old road, and you have to pay a little money to go over it. Now, when this man came to the place where the old road branched off from the turnpike, he said to himself, "Now, which way shall I go? The turnpike is the nearest, and the old road is pleasantest. I'll go the old road." So he turned into the old road. "But no," said he; "I am in some haste, and I believe I'll take the turnpike." So he turned, and went back around the guide-post, into the turnpike.

*Laura.* Around what guide-post?

*George.* Why, Laura, — you see, — there was a guide-post, where the roads branched off, — I suppose.

*Father.* Yes. When the man had gone into the turnpike a little way, he said to himself, "But now, if I go in the turnpike, I shall have to pay; and I am not enough in a hurry to make it worth while to pay. I've a great mind to go back again to the old road."

*Laura.* O, what a man! But, father, how much would he have to pay?

*Father.* Only a little, — perhaps a few cents.

*Laura.* Well, father, go on.

*Father.* The man then said that he would finally decide to go by the old road; and he went

back around the guide-post once more, and began to walk along briskly. He had not gone very far, however, before he began to doubt whether it would not have been better to have gone by the turnpike. "I was rather foolish to give up the nearest road just to save two or three cents." So he turned around, and began to look back ; but it was so far to the guide-post, that he thought, on the whole, he had better keep on. But after going a few steps farther, he concluded that he would go across through the woods, and cut off the corner, — and so get into the turnpike again by a nearer way.

*Laura.* O, father, what a man !

*Father.* He accordingly climbed over the wall, and went into the woods. Before long, he began to get into the quagmire, though he contrived to go on by walking upon mossy logs, and stepping upon hummocks and tufts of grass. But it was hard work and slow, — and says he, "I did not think of the quagmire. If I had recollected that there was a quagmire here, I would not have attempted to come across. I believe now I had better go back."

*Laura.* I think so too.

*George.* I would not go back, — I would not change any more, if the mud was up to my chin.

*Father.* He turned around, and went back a few steps, though not exactly by the same way that he came. There were fewer good places to step. Presently he reached a hummock which was pretty firm, and he stopped a minute to look around and consider. Says he, "It would have been better for me to go on. I think it likely I had got half through the quagmire; and at any rate it was foolish to turn back. I'll push on now I am in, and get through to the turnpike." So he stepped off of the hummock in the direction towards the turnpike.

*George.* Ho!—what a man! I don't believe he'll ever get out of the quagmire.

*Father.* He had now turned around so many times, that he had got a good deal bewildered. In fact, he hardly knew which way to go. The ground grew softer and softer, too, and he began to sink. He jumped forward to a green-looking spot, which he hoped was solid; but it was nothing but long grass,—and he went into the mud up to his knees. And here he had to stay, calling for help, until somebody came and helped him out. [*George and Laura fell into an immoderate fit of laughter.*]

*George.* Father, that story isn't true, is it?

*Father* I believe I did not say it was true.

*Laura.* I don't believe it is true, father. It must be one that you made up. And I know what you mean. You mean *me*, father, I know you do.

*Father.* *You!* Why did *you* ever get into such a quagmire?

*Laura.* No, father, not exactly.

*Father.* Well, I'll tell you how you can always keep out of one.

*Laura.* How, father?

*Father.* Make it a rule, whenever you have once decided what to do, never to reconsider the question, and change your mind, unless something new and extraordinary comes to your knowledge, to make it necessary.



## CHAPTER XI.

## SABBATH DAY.

LUCY was sometimes very much at a loss to know what to do in the latter part of the afternoons, on the Sabbath day. She generally went to meeting in the first part of the afternoons; for, in the country where she lived, going to church was commonly called going to meeting. After the meeting, Lucy did not always know what to do. She did not know how to read, and her mother did not like to have her play.

One Sabbath afternoon, she had been sitting in Miss Anne's room, looking at a picture-book for some time, while Miss Anne had been reading. At last she put down her book, and came to Miss Anne, and said,

"Miss Anne, I wish you would tell me something to do. I am tired of looking at pictures."

"Well," said Miss Anne, "and I am tired of reading; so I will take you up in my lap, and tell you the story of Victor's Meeting."

So Miss Anne took Lucy up, and commenced the story as follows: —

#### VICTOR'S MEETING.

ONE Sunday afternoon, little Victorine was sitting by the fire, reading, when her brother Victor came to her, and put his little hand gently upon her cheek, and said,

“Reeny,” — he often called her Reeny, — it was a sort of contraction of Victorine, — “I am going to have a meeting; will you be my congregation?”

In the part of the world where Victor lived going to church was generally called going to meeting.

Victorine looked around, into the middle of the room, and she saw that her little brother had made all his preparations for a meeting. He had one chair, with a cricket upon it, for a pulpit. The large Bible was lying open upon the cricket, and there was a hymn-book by its side. In front of the pulpit, at a little distance from it, were three other chairs in a row, with a music-book and the bellows upon one of them. This was the singing gallery. On each side between the pulpit and the gallery, chairs were arranged for the

walls of the meeting-house ; and within Victor had placed two or three small chairs and crickets for the congregation ; and now he wanted his sister to come and be his congregation.

Victorine looked for a minute or two at his arrangements, and then said,

“ Why, yes, I’ll be your congregation.”

Victor then ran back to his meeting-house, while Victorine turned her eyes again to her book, and went on with her reading.

Presently Victor began to say, “ Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,” several times ; and then, after pausing a moment, he said,

“ Come, Reeny, — why don’t you come ? the bell is ringing.”

But Victorine was so much interested in her book that she did not notice her brother’s call.

“ Victorine ! Victorine ! why don’t you come ? ”

Victorine looked up, and said,

“ O, it will do just as well for me to sit here. I can hear just as well here.”

“ No,” said Victor ; and he came back to where his sister was sitting, and took hold of her arm, and said,

“ No, you must come and sit in the meeting-house. The congregation always sit in the meeting-house.”



"No, not always," said Victorine.

"When do they not?" asked Victor.

"Why, sometimes the meeting-house is crowded, and so they cannot all get in. We will play that the meeting-house is crowded."

"No," said Victor, "that will not do." He understood that this was only an excuse of his sister's for not coming; and so he insisted that she should come and sit in the proper place.

Victorine then slowly got up, and suffered her brother to lead her into his meeting-house, and place her upon a cricket there.

"Why, you have got a very good meeting-house; but what are those chairs there?"

"They are the singing gallery," said Victor.

"And what are the bellows here for? I never saw bellows in a singing gallery."

"O, that is the base viol," said Victor. "They are going to play on that, when I give out the hymn."

His sister smiled; but she took her seat, and, while Victor was turning over the leaves of his Bible to find the place, she opened her book, and began to read again.

"Why, sister!" said Victor. "You must not read. People do not read in meeting."

"O yes," said Victorine. "I am willing to

sit here and be your congregation, but then you must let me go on with my reading."

Here was a serious difficulty. Victorine was very much interested in her book, and she thought that Victor was unreasonable, in wishing to have her give it up. But he could not think of such a thing as having any of his congregation reading in meeting. At last, Victorine said that then she would go away ; and, accordingly, she went back to her seat, and Victor began to cry.

Now, their father was reading by the side of the fire, opposite to where Victorine was sitting ; and he looked up, and asked what was the matter. After hearing an explanation of the case, he told Victor that he was unreasonable. "Reeny was very kind to be willing to go and sit in your congregation," said he ; "but you ought not to expect her to give up her own pursuits and enjoyments entirely, and come and sit down idle before you. And then, besides, when you found that she was not willing to come, you did wrong to fret and cry, and disturb us all in our reading."

For there were several of Victor's brothers and sisters in the room, reading, besides Victorine.

Then Victor's father told him that he must put all the chairs and books back into their places, and give up his meeting altogether. . .

Victor begged his father to allow him to go on with his meeting alone ; but he would not. His father made it a rule that, whenever he did anything in the parlor to disturb the family, he must suffer some inconvenience or privation ; and this made him generally careful and still in his plays.

Victor put back the chairs ; but he did it very slowly and reluctantly, and was evidently much out of humour. After he had done this, his father told him to take a cricket, and go and sit down by the kitchen fire, till he felt good-natured again ; and he said that then he might come in.

Victor found that they were getting supper ; and he sat and watched the steam coming out of the nose of the tea-kettle.

Victor's mother was getting tea. She asked Victor what made him come and sit down there so still.

"Why —," answered Victor, hesitating, —  
"father — said I might."

"Father said you might?"

"No, he said I *must*."

"He said you must? What for?"

"Why, he said I must come and stay here until I felt good-natured."

"O, is that it?" said his mother ; "well, then, I'll make you feel good-natured very quick."

Now, there were two long peacock's feathers hanging over the glass in the kitchen, and Victor's mother went and took one down.

"What are you going to do?" said Victor.

"I am going to tickle your nose with this feather," said his mother, "to make you feel good-natured."

"No," said Victor, laughing, though he tried to keep sober.

"Yes," said his mother, laughing, without trying to keep sober.

As she approached with the feather, extending the tip of it towards him, he first held his hand over his face, peeping and smiling through his fingers; and then, as the feather came nearer and nearer, he jumped up and ran away in high glee. His mother pursued him across the room; but he made his escape out of the door which led into the entry. His mother did not follow him. In a minute or two, he came back, and opened the door a little way, and peeped in. His mother was at the table cutting some bread.

"Victor," said she, "I forgot that it was Sunday; we must not play to-day. But now, as you seem to be good-natured, I suppose you can go back into the parlor again, if you choose."

Victor thought so too. He accordingly went

back, and asked his father if he might have his meeting again.

"Why, I don't know," said his father. "I don't like to have you play meeting very well."

"Why not, father?" said he. "I will be careful not to disturb any body."

"Perhaps you will; but I should rather have you play something else."

"Why, is it wrong, father," said Victorine, "to play meeting?"

"I don't know that it is absolutely wrong; but it seems to be too serious a thing to make sport of. I'll tell you what; you may collect all the children together on the sofa, and we will have a real meeting. I will be the minister myself."

Victor was much pleased with this plan. After tea, he placed the sofa and some chairs in order, and then rang a little bell, to call the children together. The children sat upon the sofa and upon little chairs, and their father sat before them, with the great Bible in his lap. First he read a prayer out of a little prayer-book which he had, telling the children that they must listen seriously. Then he let one of them stand by his side and read a story in the Bible, while he explained it to them. Then he let Victor read two verses of a hymn, and they all sang it. Then he

said that for a sermon he would explain to them the Saviour's golden rule — "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

"Is that your text?" said Victor.

"Yes," said his father, "that is the text."

Then he explained the text to them, and showed them how excellent a rule it was, and told them of the various ways in which children often break it. The discourse was very interesting and profitable. After the sermon was ended, he said that they would sing another hymn. He then selected a hymn in the hymn-book, and let one of the boys read it, and then they all sang it. There were four verses. After the singing was over, the meeting was dismissed, and the children went away, all excepting Victor, who remained, at his father's request, to trundle back the sofa, and put away the chairs.

"Is that all?" said Lucy, when she found that Miss Anne paused, as if she had finished the story.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "that is all."

"Well," said Lucy, "I think that is a very good plan. I wish you would have a meeting some time, Miss Anne, for me."

"I hardly know whether it is proper for young ladies to hold meetings," said Miss Anne.

"Well, it will be proper for my father," said Lucy, "at any rate. I mean to ask my father. But will you be one of the congregation, Miss Anne?"

"O yes," said Miss Anne, "I will very cheerfully be one of the congregation."



## CHAPTER XII.

## RACHEL.

BY LUCY'S MOTHER.

ONCE there was a little girl named Rachel. She was about six years old. She had a great many books and playthings, but they were lying about in various places all over the house.

One day she went to see her cousin. Her cousin's playthings were all together, upon some shelves. They were arranged in order. "O dear!" said Rachel, "how much prettier playthings look when they are arranged in order! I wish I had some shelves."

A few days after this, she was at home one afternoon, when there was no school. She did not know what to do. She had nobody to play with. She could not go out of doors, because it rained. At last she said, "I know what to do. I will go and put my playthings in order."

She went up into a rough chamber over the shed, where there were some boxes. She put

down one of the boxes against the side of the chamber, with the open side out. Then she put another box upon the top of it. So she could put her playthings in the boxes, which answered for shelves.

First, she got her blocks. She had a great many blocks. Some were in the kitchen, some were in the closet, some were in a basket under the table in the parlor. One was under the clock. Rachel had put it under the clock some days before, to play that it was a mouse.

Rachel collected all her blocks together, and carried them up to her shelves. She piled them up neatly upon the lower shelf at one end. They made a large, square pile.

"There," said she, "I am glad that I have got all my blocks together, in one place."

Then she brought her doll; and she looked all about the house, and found all the doll's clothes, and she put them together in a shelf above.

"Now," said she, "when my cousin comes here to play with me, and we want to play with my doll, I shall find her and all her things here. That will be very convenient."

Next Rachel thought she would put her books in order. So she went down stairs, and began to look for her books. She found them in various

places, some on shelves, some in closets, and some on the parlor floor. She brought them all up into the rough chamber, and began to put them together neatly in a pile.

Pretty soon she observed a droll picture in one of her books. It was a picture of a dog jumping up. She thought she would read about it. So she sat down upon the floor before her boxes, and began to spell out the words under the picture.

While she was there, her mother came up into the chamber to look for something in a great bag. While she was looking for it, Rachel said,

"Mother, what does this word spell? — m, — there are one, two, three *m*'s in it, and two *a*'s."

"I think it must be *mamma*," said her mother.

"But what are you doing, Rachel?"

"O, I am, putting my things in order," said Rachel.

Then her mother came to see what she was doing.

"O," said she, "I am very glad to see this. It is a fine plan for children to keep their play-things in order."

So Rachel's mother came to see her work, and she said she liked the plan very much indeed, and she told her that she would give her a curtain to hang up before her shelves.

Her mother then went back to the bag, and took out a green roll. When she unrolled it, Rachel saw it was a curtain. Rachel took it, and then went and brought a few small tacks and a carpet hammer, and nailed her curtain up. Then she finished arranging her books, and put them in. Thus she had a very convenient cabinet; and she resolved that, after that, she would always keep her things in order in it.

That night, at supper, Rachel told her mother that she liked her cabinet very much, and she said she had made a resolution always to keep her things in order in it.

“Ah,” said her mother, “but that’s a very hard resolution to keep.”

“O no,” said Rachel, “I think it will be very easy. All I have to do is just to put my things back in their places when I have done with them.”

“Yes,” said her mother, “that is all; but that is a great deal.”

“O no, mother,” said Rachel, “that is not much.”

“Well,” said her mother, “we shall see.”

It turned out in the end that her mother was right; for in about two weeks Rachel’s play-things were scattered all over the house again,

as much as before. And the way they came to be so was this: —

The day after she had put them in order, she brought her blocks down in a basket, to play with in the entry. At last, she got tired of playing with the blocks, and she thought she would go out in the kitchen, and see if she could not get an apple to roast by the kitchen fire. So she left her blocks upon the carpet. Presently her mother put the blocks into the basket, and slid them under a shelf in the closet; and thus it was that her *blocks* got out of place.

A day or two after that, she wanted a book to read; and so she went up to her cabinet, and, when she had pulled the curtain aside, she took all her picture-books, and brought them down stairs. She put them upon the table, and got a chair, and sat up to the table, and began to look them over, to find one to read. After she had been reading a little while, the supper bell rang; and so she jumped down, and ran off to supper. After supper, she forgot that she had left her books upon the table; and when her mother was arranging the table that evening, for her evening work, she put the books upon a shelf in the closet; and that is the way her *books* got out of place.

And one day Rachel thought she would take

her doll down stairs, and let her go out to walk ; so she led her out upon the grass in the yard, and played that she was taking a walk. When she thought that her doll was tired of walking, she let her lie down upon the grass to rest. Presently a butterfly came along, and Rachel ran off to catch him. The butterfly flew over the fence into the garden ; and Rachel went in at the gate, and tried to find him. She could not find the butterfly ; but she found her mother there gathering some flower seeds. She stopped to help her ; and her mother gave her some seeds, which she said she meant to put away upon her shelves, in little papers. But she put them on the kitchen table, when she went in, and forgot them.

A few days after this, her cousin William came to see her. She took him up stairs to show him her shelves and playthings. She took out the things one by one, and showed them to William, and then put them on the floor. William took out some of the things too. She was going to put them all back again before she went away. Presently she said, "But where are all my books ? Somebody has taken away all my books. I put them here on the corner of this shelf. They ought not to come and take away my books."

And presently she said again,

"And now, besides, where's my doll gone? They have carried off my doll. I wish they would let my things alone, when I put them here."

"I rather think you carried her away yourself," said William.

"No, I didn't," said Rachel; "I left her here, — exactly here."

Then, in a minute, she happened to recollect that she had taken her doll out to walk, and said,

"O no, — I remember now. I left her on the grass. Come with me, William, and I will show you."

So William and Rachel ran down to find the doll. She was lying in the grass, where Rachel had put her. She was soaked with the rain; and when Rachel took her up, she found that there were two great crickets hid under her. Rachel said it was no matter; it would not hurt her doll, for she was used to being left out in the rain. So she carried her in, in order to dry her by the kitchen fire.

The next evening, after tea, Rachel's mother said to her,

"Rachel, you remember that you told me, the other day, that you had made a resolution to keep your shelves always in order."



"Yes, mother," said Rachel.

"And I told you that you would find it a very hard resolution to keep."

"Yes, mother, I recollect that you did."

"Well, now, it is not a great many days since then, and yet your establishment is all in confusion. Your doll is in the table drawer in the kitchen. Your blocks and your books are down in the parlor closets; and, as I went through the rough chamber this afternoon, I saw that the rest of your playthings were all in confusion about the floor."

"Well, mother," said Rachel, "I was going to put them up, but I had to go and look for my doll."

Rachel's mother did not reply to this very unsatisfactory excuse. She only said,

"It is not a very difficult thing to *put* things in order. But to *keep* them in order, requires a great deal of steady perseverance, energy, and decision."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MARIELLE'S LITTLE BOOK.

MARIELLE had told Lucy, some time before this, that, when Mary Jay got her great Morocco Book to put her stories in, she gave away to the children several of the little books which she had made before, after having first copied them into the Morocco Book ; and that, among others, she had given Marielle one, called the Story of Alice. Marielle had promised Lucy that she would, some day, show her this little book, and read her the story.

Now, Marielle lived at the house where the school was kept ; and the garden where they played, was her father's garden. And one day she told Lucy that her mother was going to invite Miss Anne and Lucy to come and take tea there the next afternoon ; and then she would read her the story of Alice.

The invitation was accordingly given, and Miss Anne and Lucy went. They went very early,

because they wanted to ramble an hour or two about the garden and grounds.

After they had been in the house about half an hour, Miss Anne, Marielle, and Lucy, went out to take a walk. Marielle said that she wanted to take them away down beyond the garden, by the shore of a brook, where Lucy had never been. They walked about in the garden for some time. Lucy showed Marielle the great pear-tree, and the summer-house, and the arbor, and the green square, where the children used to play hide-and-seek.

After they had seen all these places, they passed on through a little grove of trees at the bottom of the garden, and then they went through a gate in the garden wall, and came out into a beautiful field beyond, where a broad walk led along down to a brook. Here was a seat, where they sat down to rest. Marielle then took out her little book. It was small, and had marble covers; and the story was written in it in very fine, but very plain writing.

There was a picture in the beginning. It was a picture of a little girl in a boat near the bank of a river. They all looked at the picture for some time, before they began to read. Miss Anne seemed to be very much interested in the

appearance of the book, and in the picture. At last they asked Miss Anne to read the story to them, as she could read the best. So Miss Anne began as follows : —

#### THE STORY OF ALICE; OR, SELF-POSSESSION.

IN a little valley by the side of a river, just where there was a great curve in the stream, there was a farm ; the land consisted of beautiful intervals near the river, and high hills and forests behind. From the windows of the farm-house, you could look up the river, or down the river, a great many miles.

There was a little girl that lived in this farm-house, named Alice. She was about five years old. She used to play about the farm-yard, sometimes feeding the chickens, and sometimes planting corn and beans in a little bed they gave her in the garden. She was quiet and good-natured ; and so her father would often take her out with him into the fields, when he went to work. At such times, she would play about upon the grass, and take good care not to be in her father's way, nor trouble him by talking to him too much when he was busy. She would talk to herself, and sing to herself, and find amusement in a

thousand ways, without troubling him. And so he was very often glad to have her go with him.

The farmer used sometimes to paddle across the river in his log canoe, to go to a village which was about half a mile from the opposite shore. The log canoe was a very good boat. It was made of a very large log, and so it was big enough to carry quite a number of people. It was shaped well, and it had three good seats, and a little deck at the bows. There were a paddle and two oars, and on the deck there was a pretty large, round stone, as big as a man's head, with a rope fastened to it. The other end of the rope was fastened to the bows of the boat. This stone was the anchor. The farmer could anchor his boat with it when he wanted to go a-fishing anywhere out on the river, where the water was not very deep, nor the current very rapid.

One day, Alice asked her father to let her go over the river with him, in his boat. And he said that he should like to have her go very much. Only he told her that he could not let her go to the town with him. She would have to wait in the boat, he said, while he was gone. She asked him how long he should be gone from the boat, and he said about half an hour.

"Well," said she, "I can take one of my

books, and look at the pictures while you are gone."

So she got into the canoe with him, and he paddled her over the river.

When they reached the opposite shore, Alice's father stepped out, and took hold of the anchor rope, pretty near where it was fastened to the boat, and, pulling pretty hard, he drew the bows of the boat up a little upon the sand. Then he told Alice to take out her book, and amuse herself as well as she could, until he came back. So Alice sat down upon a low seat, which her father had made on purpose for her, and opened her book, while her father went to a path which led up the bank, and soon disappeared.

It would have been safer if the farmer, instead of merely drawing the boat up upon the beach, had taken out the anchor, and just laid that upon the shore. It is true that, under ordinary circumstances, drawing the boat up a little way would have been enough. But there was one circumstance which rendered this mode of fastening the boat, at this time, very insecure; and that was, that the water was rising. It was rising very slowly, but still it was rising. The cause of this rising was, that there had been some rains among the mountains, where the brooks began to run,







which made this river, though it had been very pleasant weather where the farmer lived; and thus the water in the river was rising, though the farmer did not know it. Accordingly, when he went up the bank, and left little Alice in the boat, there was considerable danger that the water might rise, and float her away.

And then, besides, after her father had gone, Alice sometimes got tired of looking over her book; and then she amused herself in looking around, — up and down the river, and back to her father's farm. In doing so, she changed her position a little, though she did not actually leave her seat. This movement of hers naturally gave a little motion to the boat, and tended to work it loose in the sand, as the water rose, and gradually buoyed it up.

At length, as Alice was looking over the side of the canoe, at the pebbles in the water under that part of the boat where she was sitting, she thought the pebbles all seemed to be moving in towards the shore. She wondered what this strange phenomenon could be. The pebbles glided slowly along, and the water seemed to be growing deeper — appearances which puzzled Alice very much, until she looked up, and found that the boat was slowly floating away from the

shore. It was this motion of the boat away from the shore which caused the *apparent* motion of the pebbles *towards* it.

The first feeling which Alice had was, that she was having a beautiful little sail ; but in a very few minutes she began to be afraid that she should not be able to get back.

" Ah," said she, " I know what I'll do. I'll paddle. I know how to paddle."

A paddle is somewhat like an oar, only it is shorter and lighter, and has a broad, thin blade. She took the paddle, and went to the seat where her father usually sat, and tried to work it. But she could not succeed. She could make the boat go a little, but it did not go at all towards the shore ; it seemed, on the other hand, to move farther and farther from it.

Alice then put the paddle back in the boat, and sat down upon her own little seat again, and the tears began to come into her eyes. She did not know what would become of her. The boat went farther and farther away from the shore, and when she looked for the place where it had been drawn up, she found that it was getting to be so far off that she could scarcely distinguish it. And in the mean time, as her boat floated slowly down the stream, the banks, and rocks, and trees upon

the shore, seemed to glide along as if the whole country was in motion.

Alice soon reflected that it would do no good to cry; and so she wiped away the tears, and began to consider what would probably become of her. She saw that she was drifting down, down very far, and she wondered where it was that the river went to, in the end; for she knew that she must go there, at last, wherever it was, unless she could get stopped in some way. Then she thought that perhaps somebody might see her from the shore, and come out to her, — somebody that would know how to paddle, and so be able to paddle her back to the shore. But then, again, she did not see how they could get out to her, if they should see her. Then she thought that, perhaps, in going down the river, the boat might accidentally get nearer and nearer to one bank or the other, and especially that, at some place where the river turned, the boat might, perhaps, keep on, and so come to the shore.

While she was thinking of these things, she kept still sailing down farther and farther; until, at length, she saw before her a kind of a bend in the river, and there was a point of land on one side, which stretched out almost before where her boat was going.

"Ah," said Alice, "I shall run against that point of land, and then I can get out."

The boat went on, directly towards the end of the point, and Alice could not tell whether it was going to come against it and stop, or just go by. The point was rocky. As the canoe came nearer, she saw that it was just going by it, barely touching. As it glided slowly along, Alice put out her hand to get hold of the corner of a rock, and stop herself. But the canoe pulled so hard that it pulled her hand away. Alice that instant thought of her father's boat-hook. The boat-hook was a pole, not very long, with a hook in one end of it; and she remembered that her father used to hook this into something or other upon the shore, whenever he wished to land. She got the boat-hook up as quick as she could, but it was too late. Before she could get it reached out towards the rock, the boat had got so far away that she could not get hold of it: the end dropped into the water, and she had reached out so far that the boat tipped over very much to one side; and Alice suddenly let go the end of the pole which she had in her hand, in order to catch hold of the side of the boat. Of course, the boat-hook dropped entirely into the water, and began to float away. Alice tried to reach it with the

paddle, but she could not. She was very much concerned at the loss of her father's boat-hook.

Alice was now quite disheartened, and did not know what to do ; but, as she was sitting upon her seat, musing upon her sad situation, her eye happened to fall upon the great round stone, which served for an anchor, and which was upon the bows of the canoe. "Ah," said she, "I'll anchor. That's what I'll do."

So she went forward to the anchor, and began to roll it over towards the edge of the boat. In a moment, however, she recollected that when she had been out with her father, fishing, he had said that he could not anchor his boat, except where the water was so shallow that he could see the bottom. So she looked down into the water, to see if she could see the bottom. She could not. The water was dark and deep. So she knew it would do no good to put the anchor in there.

She then thought she would wait and see if the boat would not come over some shallow place, as it moved along. So she sat down by the side of the stone, and watched the water. She did not have to wait a great while ; for presently she observed that the water began to have a yellowish tinge, which was given to it by the light re-



flected from the sand below. It grew brighter and brighter, and presently the dim form of a large log, which was lying upon the bottom, glided into view. Very soon Alice could see the sand and the pebbles very distinctly ; and she rose from her seat, saying,

“Now I'll let the anchor go.”

She exerted all her strength, and rolled the stone over the bows. It plunged into the water with a great noise and spattering. The rope ran out after it very fast, and in a minute or two the boat stopped, and the current of the water began to ripple fast against the bows and along its sides.

“There,” said Alice ; “now if somebody would only come and get me !”

She waited here for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking about, sometimes up and down the river, and sometimes across to the banks on each side, in hopes to see somebody coming. At last, as she was looking up the river, she thought she saw something black upon the water. She looked at it attentively. Presently she could perceive that there was something moving in it or about it. She soon made it out to be a boat, with oars working briskly in the water on each side. It was coming directly towards her. Alice was very glad. She determined that as soon as they



should come pretty near, she would speak to them, and ask them to paddle her back to her father's.

As the boat came on towards her, Alice observed that one of the rowers stopped rowing, and stood up in the boat, looking towards her. Alice perceived that it was her father; and just at the same instant, he saw her, and called out,

“ Alice ! ”

Alice answered,

“ Here I am, father, — all safe, — only I have lost your boat-hook. But I am very sorry.”

Her father was very glad indeed to find her safe again. When he found that the boat was gone from the place where he had left it, he was very much alarmed; he supposed that the boat had drifted away, and he was afraid his little Alice had got drowned. He, however, went as quick as he could, and got another boat, and another man, too, to help him row, so that he could go down the river faster. He was therefore exceedingly glad when he found her safely anchored, and he told her that he did not care anything about the boat-hook at all.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## PLAYING COLLEGE.

A STORY FROM THE MOROCCO BOOK.

ANNA and George were one evening playing around the fire just before tea, when their father came in and took his seat in the great arm-chair, waiting for the tea bell to ring.

Anna and George both came to him, and wanted him to have a play.

"Well, what shall we play?" said their father.

"Let us play lion and old man," said Anna.

"No," said her father, "that is a noisy play, and I do not feel like a noisy play just now. We'll play *college*."

"Play *college*?" said George. "O, I don't know how to play *college*."

"But I will tell you. You shall be the class, and I will be the Professor of Philosophy. The class in college come together, and sit very quiet and still while the Professor gives them a lecture in Philosophy, and explains something to them which they did not understand before; and then he asks them questions, to see if they remember what he has told them."

So Anna and George brought their crickets, and sat down before their father, and listened very gravely while he lectured them as follows:—

"The subject of this lecture, young gentlemen, ——"

"I am not a young gentleman," said Anna.

"No, but we play that you are," said George.

"The subject of my lecture," continued their father, "is the fire."

Here George and Anna both looked at the bright fire which was burning in the fireplace.

"When a fire like that is burning," continued their father, "there is a kind of hot, smoky air produced, which is not good to breathe. It would strangle us."

"What do you mean by *strangle*?" asked George. He was a small boy, and he did not understand language very well.

"Why, it would produce a kind of choking, stifling feeling, and make us catch our breath and cough; and at last, if we could not get any other air to breathe, we should sink down and die; so that, if there was a tight room made, with a brick floor, and a fire was made upon the floor, and people were shut up in the room, it would in a short time kill them."

"The smoke would kill them?" said George.

"It would not be altogether the smoke. Smoke is what we can *see* rising up from a fire; but there is something else, called a *gas*, or rather there are several kinds of gas, which come from a fire; and these gases and the smoke together are what would strangle us if we should breathe them. Now, it follows from this, that if we wish to have a fire in a room, we must have some way for the smoke and the gases to go off, or we shall be choked and strangled by them.

"The way we contrive to let them off is by a chimney. The chimney has an opening through it, from the top to the bottom. This opening is called a *flue*. The smoke and the gases can go up this flue. It must be built of something that will not burn, or else the sparks might set it on fire. They commonly build it of bricks. Sometimes the farmers, in the new settlements, cannot get bricks very conveniently, and so they build their chimneys of great stones; but this makes a very rough-looking fireplace. They make the hearth of great, flat stones, too."

"O, I should like to see one," said Anna.

"I have seen them," said her father. "Savages have no chimneys."

"What are savages?" said George.

"They are wild men, that live, in some parts of the world, in the woods, in little huts, which they make of branches of trees or of bark. They build their fires in the middle of the hut, and let the smoke go out of a hole in the roof overhead. There must always be some passage; for there is no such thing as having a fire without its producing smoke and gases, which it would be bad to breathe."

"Does a lamp make gases," asked George, "when it is burning?"

"Yes," replied his father; "but a lamp is such a small fire, that the gases float away, and mingle with the air of the room."

"O father," said Anna, "is a lamp a fire?"

"Yes," said her father, "it is a little fire of oil."

"I never knew that," said George.

"You never heard it *called* a fire, perhaps, but you knew that it was of the same nature. But now my lecture is over, and I must ask the class some questions."

Their father was then going to ask the children some questions ; but, just as he was going to begin, the tea came in, and the bell rang, and so they all gave up playing college, and went and took their seats at table.

George and Anna, who had been quite interested in their lecture, observed at once that the tea-pot was smoking, and they said there ought to be a chimney for that smoke to go up in.

"O, that is not smoke," said their father ; "that is something very different."

"What is it ?" said Anna.

"It is vapor. Vapor is very different from smoke," said her father.

"How is it different ?"

"Why, vapor is made up of very fine particles of water, and it does not strangle us to breathe them. But smoke is made up of fine particles of coal, or something like coal. If you hold the blade of a knife in the vapor from the tea-pot, you will find that a spot upon it will become covered with water ; but things held long in the smoke, like the hooks and the crane over the kitchen fire, become black and sooty. Soot is formed of particles of smoke collected upon the iron, or upon the back of the chimney. So that there is a very great difference between smoke and vapor, though they look somewhat alike. There is an obvious difference, too, even in the appearance, if we no-

tice carefully. Vapor is grayish white. Smoke is blue. Vapor, after it rises a little way, melts away, and disappears entirely ; but smoke remains. If it gets into a room, it spreads all over it, and remains in the air until it gradually goes off out the doors or windows, or up the chimney."

After tea, Anna and George begged their mother to put the tea-pot down upon the floor a minute or two, and let them hold their heads over it, and see if they could breathe the vapor. Their father told them they must not hold their heads near, for it might be hot enough to scald them. He was, in fact, rather unwilling to let them try that experiment at all, for fear of some danger. At length, however, he concluded to let them try cautiously, taking care that they did not put their heads very near. They found that the vapor did not strangle them at all, nor make their eyes tingle, like smoke. So they were satisfied that it was a very different thing ; though their father told them that vapor was often *mingled with* smoke, from the fire, and came out with it, at the top of the chimney.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE STRANGER'S STORY.

ONE day, when Lucy was quite a little girl, she travelled with her father in the steamboat. It was almost evening when they went on board



the steainboat, and they sailed along a narrow channel of water, looking at the beautiful shores. The sun was just setting; and its bright rays gilded the trees and glittered upon the windows. At first, Lucy thought that the houses were on fire; but her mother told her it was only the reflection of the sun.

At length the sun went down, and left the western sky full of brilliant clouds. Lucy looked at them, and played that they were cities on fire, and slowly burning. She saw steeples and towers, red with flames, and giants' heads looking over the battlements. In another part of the sky, at a little distance, there were lions, and tigers, and elephants, of fire. Lucy watched them a long time. She listened, trying to hear the flames of the burning cities crackle, or the lions roar. But they were all still. She heard nothing but the thundering of the engine, and the dashing of the boat through the water.

At length the brightness of the sky gradually faded away. The steamboat swept swiftly around a point of land with a tall, white lighthouse upon it. By doing this, the boat changed its course somewhat, and a great stream of sparks from the chimney of the engine came pouring over to the part of the sky where Lucy was looking. She thought the sparks were more beautiful than the clouds. They seemed to Lucy to be as far off as the stars, and they were far more numerous and brilliant.

After a time, the evening air began to grow so-



cool that Lucy's mother said that they must move back into a more sheltered place. So they took their seats, and put them in a sheltered corner, near some trunks, which were piled up pretty high. There was a gentleman sitting upon the other side of the pile of trunks. Lucy could just see his head over the tops of them.

After a short time, the gentleman spoke to Lucy, and said,

"My little girl, won't you come and sit with me?"

Lucy did not answer. She hung her head, and looked very foolish.

This was not right. If Lucy thought it was best not to go and see the gentleman without her mother's leave, she ought to have looked up to him pleasantly, and said, "No, I thank you, sir." Instead of that, she only hung her head, and looked as if she was afraid.

Presently the gentleman invited her again, and her mother said, "Should not you like to go and see the gentleman, Lucy? You may go."

But still Lucy did not answer. She put her finger in her mouth, and moved about upon her seat restlessly, without saying a word.

But the gentleman wanted her to come and see him very much. He was alone, and had nobody to talk with, and so he thought he should like to have Lucy come and sit in his lap, and let him tell her a story. But Lucy would not come.

Lucy was afraid of him. She did not really suppose that he would hurt her, but she was afraid of him because he was a stranger. This being excessively afraid of strangers, which makes

children appear so silly, is called *bashfulness*. Lucy was bashful.

Then the gentleman thought to himself,

"I will contrive a plan to get her to come to me."

Then he said aloud to Lucy. "If you will come here and sit in my lap, I will tell you a story."

But Lucy did not move or answer.

"Should you like to have me tell you a story while you stay where you are?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Lucy.

"But the engine makes such a noise that I cannot talk very well over the tops of the trunks," said the gentleman. "I shall soon get tired. But if you will come and sit with me, I can tell you the story right in your ear. That will be easy, and so I can make the story a great deal longer; and then, besides, you can hear better."

Lucy did not answer.

"Very well," said the gentleman; "if you prefer to stay where you are, I will do as well as I can. I will begin the story, and go on until I am tired."

Now, the gentleman's plan was this. He was going to begin a story to Lucy, telling it to her over the trunks, and go on until he came to some interesting part, and then he was going to stop, and say that he could not tell any more over the trunks; but that, if she would come and sit with him, he would finish it. He expected that by this time Lucy would have become a little acquainted with him, so that she would not be so

afraid, — and also that she would become interested in what he was telling her, and want to hear the rest of it. This was a very ingenious plan, and you shall hear how it succeeded.

### THE STRANGER'S STORY.

The gentleman began his story in the following words: —

“The story is about a girl named Agatha. One day, after dinner, she said,

“ ‘Mother?’

“ And her mother said,

“ ‘What, Agatha?’

Here Lucy began to turn round in her seat to look towards the gentleman who was telling the story, so that she could hear better what Agatha was going to say. She was curious to know what she was going to say.

The gentleman continued as follows: —

“ ‘I wish, mother, you would let me go out and take a walk, this afternoon, down to the bird's nest. I want to see if the little birds are big enough to fly.’

“ ‘No, Agatha, I cannot let you go this afternoon; you must stay and help me iron the clothes.’

“ ‘Well, mother,’ said Agatha, ‘I will.’

“She did not look sullen and ill-humored, and begin to complain or murmur because she could not go; but she said, cheerfully and pleasantly, ‘Well, mother, I will.’

“She went at once and got some wood to

make a good fire ; then she put the flatirons down before it, and she worked industriously all the afternoon until five o'clock. By that time the clothes were all ironed and put away, and the table set back in its place.

"Then Agatha asked her mother if she might sweep up the hearth ; and her mother said, ' Yes.'

"So Agatha took the brush, and swept the hearth, and put the chairs back, and made the room look very neat and pleasant.

"Then her mother said,

" ' Now, Agatha, you have been a very good girl, and have helped me a great deal this afternoon ; and, if you would like it, you may go and get your cousin George, and have a gypsy supper.'

" ' Well ! ' said Agatha, — ' and may I ask Louisa to come too ? '

" ' Yes,' said her mother.

"So Agatha got her bonnet, and went skipping away, saying, ' I am going to have a gypsy supper, — a gypsy supper.' "

Here Lucy looked up, and said, with a timid voice, " I don't know what a gypsy supper is."

"Don't you?" said the stranger. "Did you never hear of a gypsy supper?"

"No, sir," answered Lucy.

"Well," said the stranger, "you will hear as I go on with the story. Agatha went to the next house, where her cousin George lived, and then to the house beyond, where Louisa lived ; and she invited them to come and have a gypsy supper with her ; and they both came.

“George brought his little trucks, so as to haul the things for the gypsy supper. When they got to the house, Agatha's mother had got every thing ready for them upon the kitchen table; and there was a tin pail with a cover to put the various articles into. George left his trucks at the door, and all the children came in, and stood around the table, and looked on, while Agatha began to put the things into the tin pail.

“First there were six apples, — two for each of them. You see there were three children; and two apiece for three makes six. Then there was a beautiful little ——”

Here the gentleman stopped telling his story, and said,

“But I believe I cannot tell you any more now. It is hard for me to talk to you so far, — the engine makes such a noise. I begin to be pretty tired. If you were here sitting up in my lap, I could finish it; but I suppose you don't care enough about hearing the rest of it to come and sit with me.”

“Yes, sir,” said Lucy, “I'll come.”

So saying, Lucy jumped down from her seat, and ran round the trunks to the place where the gentleman was sitting. He took her up into his lap, and proceeded at once as follows: —

“There was a beautiful little apple-pie on the table, just big enough to go easily into the bottom of the tin pail. Then there were several slices of bread and butter, and a small tin mug for them to drink water with from the spring.”

"What spring?" said Lucy.

"Why, a spring down in the woods, where they were going to have their gypsy supper."

"Were they going down into the woods?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "you will hear. They put all the things carefully into the pail, and then they put the pail upon the trucks, and George drew it along. The two girls walked behind. They went down through the yard, and out at a gate. Agatha held the gate open, while George drew the trucks through. Here they found a path leading down into the woods. They went on till they came into a valley, where there was a spring of beautiful cool water, and some rocks around it to sit upon.

"The first thing they did was to build a little fire. George and Louisa looked around for dry sticks, while Agatha lighted a match and kindled them. Pretty soon, they had a very good fire, and they put the apples down before it to roast, on a flat stone. They took out the bread and butter, and began to eat it while the apples were roasting. Then they cut the pie, and each took a slice; and when they were thirsty, they drank water from the spring by means of the little dipper. And all the time they were talking together very happily, — while the smoke of the fire curled up among the tops of the trees."

Here the gentleman stopped.

"Is that all?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "that is about all"

"Why, — didn't they go home again?" asked Lucy.

"O yes, after they had finished their gypsy supper, they all went home."

"Is that a gypsy supper?" said Lucy, after a short pause.

"Yes," said the gentleman. "Gypsies are people that live chiefly out of doors. They have no houses of their own; and so, whenever children have a supper, by themselves, in the woods, or in the fields, they call it a *gypsy supper*."

Here Lucy, observing that the gentleman had no more to tell, began to slide down out of his lap, to go back to her seat. He made no resistance, and so Lucy left him alone. Presently the gentleman arose from his seat, and walked away. Her mother said to her,

"Are you glad or sorry that you went to see the gentleman?"

"Glad," said Lucy.

"You were afraid to go, at first."

"Yes, mother," said Lucy, "I know I was."

"It is very foolish," said her mother, "for children to be afraid of ladies or gentlemen just because they are strangers."

Lucy thought that this was correct, and she resolved that the next time a gentleman spoke to her under such circumstances, she would go to him, and hear what he had to say; and a short time afterwards, when she met this gentleman walking upon the deck of the steamboat, she thanked him for telling her the story.



















